McKean County Miner

State Library July 07

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Pro[illegible]

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: [illegible]

VOL. XLIV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1907. — [illegible] 19

CUT GLASS PLANT MAY LOCATE IN THIS BOROUGH.

Representative from Vineland, N. J., Meets Business Men.

WOULD [illegible]

A Meeting Was Held in Hose House Parlors Monday [illegible] Matters of [illegible] Discussed [illegible] Proposition — More [illegible] Later.

It is quite [illegible] that Smethport will have another industry to help swell the industrial life of the town. At any rate plans are being formed toward locating a cut glass plant in Smethport and if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the owners a well equipped cut glass factory from Vineland, N. J., will be moved to this place.

A Mr. Reynolds, one of the owners of the Vineland Cut Glass Company, was in town Monday evening and met a number of the business men and capitalists in the hose house parlors. He is anxious to have one-half interest in his plant, which is now owned by a Philadelphia man, purchased and a building erected for the cutting of this well known article. Mr Reynolds is an experienced cut glass man having worked at the business before assuming management and half owner of the plant. It seems that the plant cannot turn out the work demanded of it on account of lack of working capital and his object in moving is to get some people interested who can put up the collateral to extend the business as it should be.

The men present seemed to favor the scheme and a committee of seven was appointed to meet with Mr. Reynolds Tuesday and report at another meeting held that evening. This was done and at the meeting on this occasion it seemed to be the sentiment of those present to have both parties remain in the business. A letter to this effect was forwarded to Vineland and an answer is awaited.

Those who are acquainted in any way with the cut glass business say it is one of the best in the country to-day and that the profits are usually satisfactory. There is always a demand for the product so that but little stock is ever on hand. Mr. Reynolds has a plant that is made up of 25 frames and would bring the entire outfit to this place if an agreement is reached. He is desirous of starting with about 40 frames and promises that by two years the company would employ within the neighborhood of 300 men.

It looks like a good thing and it is to be hoped, if such is the case, that it can be brought to Smethport and become one of the borough's industries. No doubt more can be said about the matter next week.

Death of Mrs. Erwin Schott.

The death of Mrs. Erwin Schott of Olean occurred in Buffalo last Thursday evening at [illegible] after an illness of about five weeks [illegible]. She was aged [illegible] years.

Miss [illegible] was born in Buffalo where she grew into womanhood and [illegible] married to Mr. Erwin Schott. After a residence in Buffalo of nearly [illegible] years the couple moved to Farmers Valley where Mr. Schott conducted a brewery until they took up their residence in Olean which has been the home of the family ever since.

A husband and nine children survive to mourn the death of a kind and loving wife and mother. The children are: Mrs. August Edell, Mrs. F. W. Backus, Miss Alma Schott, Charles, William, Albert and Erwin Schott of Olean, Mrs. Arthur Taylorson of St. Marys and George Schott of Boston. Four brothers and four sisters also remain as follows: Mrs. C. Lauzer, Rochester; Mrs. Alex. Tumser, Buffalo; Mrs. Mary Polton and Mrs. Carrie Class, Smethport, and Messrs. William, Fred, Michael and Samuel Schoenemann, Rochester.

The deceased was a devout member of the Roman Catholic church from childhood. The funeral was held from St. Mary's church, Olean, at 9 o'clock Monday morning, at which time requiem high mass was held, the Rev. Dean Hamel officiating, and the interment was made in Allegany, N. Y., cemetery.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 4, 1907:

Frank L. Andrews, John S. Grob, A. R. Muckelroy, Clark McKee, Miss Gertrude Wilson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

In Regard to Memorial Day.

At a [illegible] of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R. held last Thursday a [illegible] carried that the [illegible] of the Burgess of Smethport [illegible] a committee of citizens to [illegible] for Memorial Day. The Post feels that the time has come when the citizens must take charge [illegible] Memorial Day services, as the old [illegible] do not feel able any longer to [illegible] a program for the [illegible].

[illegible] in compliance with the [illegible] the Burgess has appointed the following committee to make [illegible] for Memorial Day: D. [illegible], E. T. Garlick, [illegible] B. Mayo, Wm. Specht, [illegible] Henderson, E. L. Keenan, Prof. [illegible] Allen, C. A. Burdick, L. K. Hogarth, M. S. Geary, T. H. Purtle, H. L. Backus, F. D. Gallup, G. H. McCoy, F. L. Sherburne, F. W. Frownell, Sheridan Gorton, H. W. Robin, S. R. Lindsley, W. A. Andorfer, R. E. Burdick, R. C. Sasse, A. Malcolm, T. F. Richmond, Harry Robin, C. C. Choate, Dr. H. L. McCoy, Fred McCrary, James Quirk, Dr. John Clark, S. E. Bell and Hon. J. W. Bouton.

This committee is requested to meet at the hose house parlors on Monday, May 13, at 8 o'clock p. m.

It is the duty of every resident of this borough, whether man, woman or child, to assist the veterans in the proper observance of this day which is set aside to pay tribute to the honored soldier [illegible] not be many years [illegible] who [illegible] have [illegible] while they [illegible].

Grave Charge Against Galeton Man.

Ernest Johnson of Galeton, age 27 years, has been placed in the Potter county jail to await trial on the charge of attempted criminal assault on a 7-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Jacobs of that place. The man was quite badly beaten with a club by the little one's mother.

The Potter Democrat says of the crime: Mrs. Jacobs and her two little daughters were walking in the woods within the borough limits. Johnson persuaded one of the children to take a walk with him. An Italian watched the man and the child, and what he saw caused the man to go to the child's mother, who, about the time heard the screams of the offspring. Mrs. Johnson arrived on the scene carrying a club in her hand and immediately began using it on the fellow, who tried to escape, but was prevented from doing so by about one hundred Italians, who congregated about him. Their frenzy had nearly overpowered there good judgment before Officer Cummings arrived and took the fellow in charge and it is a wonder he was not fatally hurt. While he was walking to the borough lockup some of the Italians followed, and two or three of them struck him.

Republican State Convention.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 22, 1907.

To the Republican Electors of Pennsylvania:

I am directed by the Republican State Committee to announce that the Republicans of Pennsylvania, by their duly chosen representatives, will, in accordance with the provisions contained in Section [illegible] of the Uniform Primary Law [illegible] that the State Convention be held not later than one week after the [illegible], meet in convention [illegible] Theatre in the City of [illegible] on Thursday, June 6, [illegible] for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the following office, viz:

One person for the office of State Treasurer; and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented.

In accordance with the rules governing the party, the representation in the State Convention will be based upon the vote polled at the last Presidential election. Under the rules, each legislative district is entitled to one delegate for each two thousand votes cast for Republican Presidential electors in 1904, and an additional delegate for every fraction of two thousand votes polled in excess of one thousand.

By order of State Committee.

Signed W. R. ANDREWS, Chairman.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

Concert Program.

The program for the concert at the Methodist Episcopal church to-night will be as follows:

The Swallows, Mrs. Arnold Addy; quartette, The Story of the Tack, Messrs. Malcolm, McCoy, Klingensmith, Henderson; Bonnie Sweet Bessie, Mrs. Addy; violin solo, Meditation, Edna Freeman; piano solo, The Last Hope, Mrs. W. A. Bronson; Mary of Argyle, Mrs. Addy; quartette, Po' Little Lamb, Malcolm, McCoy, Klingensmith, Henderson; Edinboro' Toon, Mrs. Addy; reading, Irma Wells; Sing me to Sleep, Mrs. Addy.

Subscribe for the MINER.

COUNTY FAIR BILL PASSES IN THE HOUSE

After a Hard Struggle This Bill Won Out Tuesday Afternoon.

IT GIVES TO COUNTY FAIRS $1,000.

This Bill was Promoted by Representative J. A. McKean—May Get Strong Opposition in the Senate — Appropriation Bills are Many —Other Doings at Capitol.

The bill introduced by Representative McKean of this county which permits county commissioners to appropriate $1,000 annually to each county fair in their districts, the State to reimburse the counties, was passed in the House Tuesday afternoon after having been beaten in the morning. This was the bill to which Mr. Reynolds of Lawrence, objected so much last week and he won yesterday morning. In the afternoon there was a rally of the Grangers and the bill was reconsidered and sent to the Senate.

This has been an exceedingly busy week in both branches of the State legislature. Many bills have been considered and passed. Tuesday the Senate finally passed a number of bills, among them being one punishing the desecration of the flag of the United States and of this State by a fine of $500 or six months' imprisonment, and another abolishing the office of tax collector in townships of the first class and providing that in such townships all taxes shall be collected by the township treasurer.

Among the appropriation bills passed by the House are: Kittanning hospital, $7,000; Warren hospital, $22,000; Meadville hospital, $17,000; Hamot hospital, Erie, $85,000; Brookville Memorial home, $11,000; New Christian home, $3,000; Bradford hospital, $35,000; Punxsutawney hospital, $31,000; uniform primary elections, $1,150,248.

The bill forbidding the issuing of marriage licenses unless there is filed with the clerk of the orphan's court a certificate certifying under oath to the fact that in the opinion of an examining physician, the male party to the proposed marriage is not afflicted with a disease transmissable to progeny failed on final passage in the Senate Tuesday.

Two bills recently signed by Governor Stuart which are of interest to this vicinity are: Requiring county auditors to publish their annual reports in at least two weekly newspapers. Authorizing boroughs without petition of property owners to pave and otherwise improve streets or parts thereof not over 500 feet long.

The Governor's approval of the companion bill to the press muzzler, that requiring the publication of names of owners of newspapers and managing editors at head of editorial pages, although the place is not actually specified, is the last of the muzzle bill. The legislature has now under consideration the bill of Senator Klinedinst to permit the truth of a charge to be entered in evidence in a criminal suit for libel.

There is a strong probability that the Senate will pass the bill of Representative North to increase the pay of jurors in the State. The bill will make the pay of all jurors two and a half dollars a day instead of two as at present and will raise the fee of witnesses to $1.50, an increase of fifty cents. The bill also carries the usual mileage provision.

Friday Governor Stuart vetoed the Blewitt resolution which provides for members of the Senate and House being present at the meeting of the board of directors of State or charitable institutions receiving State aid. This resolution has much in common with the Quail bill directing the Governor to appoint two trustees of directors of State institutions receiving State aid.

The bill was vetoed because Governor Stuart did not think it wise for the State to interfere in the direction, management and control of the affairs of local and private charities or of institutions not wholly under State control. In disapproving the Blewitt resolution the Governor says he can but repeat and reaffirm this reason for withholding his approval:

"The law as it now exists provides for the examination of the accounts of the institutions embraced within this resolution," the Governor adds, "either through the department of the Auditor General or the Board of Public Charities, through which all requisite information can be obtained."

Business Opportunity.

Owing to other business which will demand my whole attention I offer for sale the grocery stock and business of Brownell Bros. This is an excellent opportunity for it is a well-established business and has always been on a paying basis. Call on or address

F. W. BROWNELL,
Smethport, Pa.

An Appeal to Young Men.

The Nunda, N. Y., Truth is responsible for the following truth: Young man, why not be decent? Why not grow to manhood with honor and credit instead of with a stunt upon your character? It is always easier to be a gentleman than a rowdy, if you just stop to think of it. Cigarettes, gambling and whiskey have had many a wrestle with boys before they came to the scene and they have never yet been thrown. Don't get the idea in your head that you can throw the trick.

If you don't want to be decent for yourself, be decent for others. There is a woman who has faced everything for your sake—one who has to bear the cross for your foolishness. You don't want your trail through this world stained with your mother's tears.

If your mother is dead, honor her name and be decent; if she is alive be decent to make her happy. You will not have her with you always. The boy who turns a brazen face to a mother's tears, never gets very far on the road to happiness. When he gets a little older, you will find his name recorded on the police justice's docket, for crimes committed. A little after, a dark shadow of a stone wall looms up across his pathway—without honor, home or friends.

'Tis a sad picture, but it is painted every day in this broad land. The pathway of the transgressor is one of rock and thorns. When you bruise your feet the world laughs at you, just as you laughed at your mother's appeals. There is only one system for a boy to follow—be decent. It pays big dividends.

A New Industry.

L. K. Hogarth has established an ice cream plant in the basement at the rear of his drug store. It is equipped with a modern up-to-date gas engine which furnishes the motive power for turning the big freezer.

A representative of the MINER called to see the engine in operation and was very favorably impressed by the general neatness and convenience of the place. An electric battery which supplies the current for exploding the gas attracts attention. There is also a still in constant use distilling water for use at the soda fountain and in prescription work. All utensils are in shining and methodical array.

There is a constant demand for a pure wholesome variety of this refreshing article and Mr. Hogarth aims to furnish a brand of the home-made sort, like "mother used to make," which complies with the recent pure food law. He calls it Hogarth's Blue Ribbon Cream. Already he has manufactured a surprising amount of ice cream for local trade and has also a shipping. We predict success for Leon and his new industry.

Persevering Biddy.

Paul Pantall, of Punxsutawney, an enthusiastic golf player missed a dozen balls from his house recently. His children had been playing with them, but could not account for their disappearance. Friday Mr. Pantall gave one of the children a pellet and after watching awhile, found a clue that gave promise of leading to a solution of the mystery. The child upon receiving the tiny sphere, made for a hole in the kitchen floor and chucked the pellet through. There being no wall in under the kitchen, Mr. Pantall went below, but could not find no trace of the ball. While crawling about he suddenly came upon a hen that immediately challenged his progress. Biddy, however, put up such a stout fight that Mr. Pantall determined to have it out with her. Seizing the hen by the neck he tossed her aside when—there in a nice, warm nest, lay an even dozen of his golf balls which the hen had assembled and was trying to hatch out.—Bradford Star.

Decrease in Timber Growth.

A late report issued by the government states that three times as much timber is used each year as the forests produce in natural growth. At present but one-fifth of the total forest area of the United States is embraced in national forests. The remaining four fifths have already passed or are most likely to pass into private hands, says the Bradford Era. The average age of the trees felled for lumber this year is not less than 150 years. In other words, if he is to secure a second crop of trees of the same size, the lumberman or private forest owner must wait, say, at least 100 years for the second crop to grow. As a rule, such long-time investment as this waiting would involve do not commend themselves to business men who are accustomed to quick returns. But the State and the nation can look much farther ahead. The larger, then, the area of National and State control over woodlands, the greater is the likelihood that the forests of the country will be permanently productive.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to CHARLES LINDLER.

SMETHPORT GETS VICTORY FROM COUDERSPORT

In a Baseball Game Played In Potter County Town Last Saturday.

TEAM MADE A GOOD SHOWING

It was the Initial Game of the Season—The Boys Can Play the National Game and Will Get [illegible] It from Now Until School Closes Next Month.

The Smethport High School [illegible] team journeyed over into Potter [illegible] last Saturday and defeated the Coudersport High School team by the score of 13 to 4.

The day was cold and most disagreeable and was more conducive for foot-ball than anything else, but all these obstacles did not hinder the boys from here from playing the game in a winning manner. They started the run getting in the second inning and from then on there was no chance for the Potter county boys. In the ninth inning it began to snow so the locals ended it rapidly by striking out in one, two, three order.

Sherburne did the twirling for the locals and made a good record, allowing but five scattered hits and striking out eight men. Harvey occupied the slab for the opponents until the seventh inning when he was relieved by Wilson, and from the two fourteen hits and nine bases on balls were secured.

The errors on both sides were numerous but as it was the first game and the weather so disagreeable these can be overlooked. With but two exceptions the Smethport players were successful with the stick, McGowan, Stull, Glavin and Sherburne especially so.

The result of this game shows conclusively that the boys can play the game, and it is their intention to give the people of this borough some good, clean sport before school closes next month. All that is necessary is support and as the youngsters can be depended upon to play the game as best they know how this support, we believe, will not be lacking.

The tabulated score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McGowan, cf	5	3	2	1	0	1
Pancoast, 1b	4	1	1	8	0	1
Bush, 2b	6	1	2	2	2	1
Stull, c	3	3	2	10	4	1
Glavin, 3b	5	1	4	2	1	0
McClure, ss	5	1	0	3	0	0
Sherburne, p	3	1	2	0	4	1
Griffin, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Perry, lf	4	1	0	1	0	1
Total	39	13	14	27	11	6

Coudersport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wilson, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Knight, ss	3	0	1	2	3	1
McConeghy, 2b	5	1	2	8	2	0
Gordiner, c	5	1	1	10	1	2
McCarthy, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Keith, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	0
Moran, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Olmstead, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Neff, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Harvey, p	2	1	0	0	0	2
Total	33	4	5	27	7	6

Smethport ... 0 1 0 1 3 1 5 2 0—13
Coudersport ... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 1—4

Sacrifice hits—Smethport 5, Coudersport 2. Two base hit—McGowan. Stolen bases—Smethport 16, [illegible]. Base on balls—off Sherburne 5, off [illegible] off Wilson 5. Struck out—by Sherburne 8, [illegible] by Wilson [illegible]. Double plays—[illegible]. Time of game—[illegible]. Umpire—[illegible]. Scorer—[illegible].

Lyman H. Howe's [illegible]

Novelties come and go [illegible] season, and Lyman H. Howe [illegible] sent many new ones this season [illegible] his moving pictures, which will be presented at the Lyceum to-[illegible]. They are the ideal of perfection sought for in entertainment. If you have found the statements of others at variance with the fact, do not consign Mr. Howe's announcements to the limbo of doubt. Twelve years of undimmed popularity and success is his guarantee of an evening of rare pleasure. Ever since his first appearance here his popularity has increased with each visit. This proves the genuine merit of his exhibition. The program is filled with new humor to keep the audience in a happy mood. From an educational point it cannot be overestimated. It is truly an [illegible] ment for every member of the family.

Laundry Changes Hands.

Monday a deal was consummated between T. H. Purtle and W. B. Fry whereby the latter gentleman purchased the former's laundry on Fulton street and possession was taken immediately by Mr. Fry. The new proprietor is a hustler with excellent business [illegible] and if the business can be [illegible] case he is the one that will do it. His efforts will be lent toward building up this business and turning all work out in a prompt and satisfactory manner. With the assistance of C. G. Raymond, an experienced laundryman, who has been retained, this laundry will be able to handle all the business that can be secured and no doubt a good patronage will be obtained.

For Sale or Rent.

Store room and dwelling house. Good location, corner Mechanic and Mill streets. Inquire of Wm. Hafner, Smethport, Pa.

Touring Car [illegible]

The W[illegible] F. D. Gallup [illegible] by Sh[illegible] [illegible]

Special Services at [illegible]

On Sunday morning [illegible] service commemorating [illegible] anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America, at Jamestown, Va., with its heritage of English civilization and Christianity. The country is celebrating the centennial in the Jamestown Exposition. [illegible] which came with the settlers [illegible] celebrate it with thanksgiving [illegible] services. St. Luke's church [illegible] appropriately decorated for [illegible] and the service will [illegible] hymns and an [illegible] "The Jamestown [illegible] tage." [illegible] people are cordially [illegible].

C. L. S. C. P[illegible]

May 13—Resume [illegible] acts 4 and 5, Miss [illegible] act 1. Discussion, [illegible] garet.

May 20—Resume [illegible] Miss Rubin. Read acts [illegible].

May 27—Resume and [illegible] Mrs. Harris. Read acts 4 and 5.

June 3—Summary of [illegible] 1 and 2, Mrs. Mayo. [illegible] of new characters, Miss Mal[illegible]. Read act 1 of part 3.

June 10—Resume and [illegible], Mrs. Guy McCoy. Read [illegible].

June 17—Read acts 4 and 5. Review Questions, Mrs. Morrison.

Prohibitionists Convene.

The Prohibitionists held a county convention and suggestion meeting at the court house last Thursday. The county committee elected the following officers: Chairman, C. E. Foster; secretary, Paul P. Lyon; treasurer, G. B. Thompson. These, with H. R. Hilton, E. K. Kane, W. H. Dennis and S. M. Love, constitute the county executive committee, to fill vacancies and conduct the spring and fall campaigns. About $600 was pledged to the county committee. R. W. Hilton of Smethport and S. M. Love of Rixford were suggested for county treasurer, and Dr. Jacques of Ceres for Coroner.

Let me mail you free, [illegible] samples of my Dr. Shoop's [illegible] and my book on either [illegible] The Heart or The Kidneys [illegible] Dr. Shoop, Racine, W[illegible] [illegible] billousness [illegible] use Dr. Shoop's Restorative [illegible] my free Book now Dr. Shoop's [illegible] tive sold by all dealers.

In using a cough syrup [illegible] get the best? One that comes [illegible] recommended is Bees Laxative Cough Syrup [illegible] Honey and Tar that is superior to other cough syrups in many ways. [illegible] always like it because [illegible] ates, is a laxative [illegible] give satisfaction [illegible] Try it. Sold by [illegible] Pharmacy, Smethport, [illegible] son, Colegrove, Pa.

"Made [illegible]" [illegible] say of [illegible] Stains for staining and [illegible] woodwork [illegible] will stand [illegible] by J. C. Barden.

FOR SALE [illegible] N. Y. [illegible] 2½ through [illegible] cellar and barn [illegible]

Hurried [illegible] lack [illegible] the main cause of [illegible] Dyspepsia Tablets [illegible] digestion [illegible] by Dr. Chadwick [illegible] Smethport [illegible] grove.

Notice.

My wife having left my bed and board, I give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her or the children.

ANDREW NESS.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. Get next to the laundry work of W. B. Fry.

Gladstone Socks in the Rain.

One day as Mr. Gladstone was speaking [illegible] rain began to fall [illegible] "Put on your hat, Mr. G[illegible]" [illegible] Mr. Gladstone [illegible] Mr. Gladstone stepped, and [illegible] Guardian.

The Onion Eater.

"Most of us," said a man who eats plenty of onions, "eat too much meat and grease and butter and bread and not enough vegetables, and the consequence is our systems get clogged up with grease and starch, our livers get out of order and we grumble at our wives, and scold our children, and fuss when the baby cries, and quarrel with the street car conductors, and get into rows at the office and lose our jobs, not because we are naturally sulky or quarrelsome, but because we are bilious. Why are we bilious? Because we don't eat onions. You never saw a dyspeptic man eating onions. He thinks they are poison, but, in fact, they are the medicine that he most needs. Whenever you see an onion eater you see a whole souled, open hearted, jolly good fellow, who knows what he ought to eat to keep him good humored. Talk about the staff of life, why, bread is only a crutch. There is more nourishment in an onion than there is in a roll. The onion lovers keep the world moving, to say nothing of providing it with much of its fun." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Afghan Justice.

A Yorkshire engineer acted in Afghanistan for many years as director of the arsenal to Abdur Rahman. On one occasion the engineer was fired at by some fanatic in a bazaar and laid a complaint before the ameer. His highness seemed to make light of the matter, observing: "I should not bother about it. You will find it will be all right." The engineer was by no means satisfied, but, remembering the people with whom he was, resolved to say no more. A week or so later he was invited to accompany the ameer on a ride. When outside the town they passed gibbet after gibbet, each occupied. The Englishman at length broke silence by suggesting, "Your highness seems to have been busy of late." The reply was characteristic. "Oh, no. That is your little lot." It was afterward learned that the ameer had executed every male member of the family of the [illegible] on whom he could lay [illegible].

[illegible] Won at Shiloh.

[illegible] Lew Wallace's until [illegible] "With [illegible] was a drinking tent on which was written 'Paradise.' It was [illegible] by the Confederates in the first day's fight, and the victors wrote beneath the name 'Lost.' By Beauregard's order all camp furniture was left intact, as he expected to possess the whole field in the morrow's struggle. The Union army recovered their ground by the second day's battle, the pleasure tent was retaken and to the two [illegible] was added the word 'Regained.'"

The Violin's Scroll.

The "throwing" of the scroll, or head, of a violin betrays the master's style the same as handwriting. To an amateur all violin heads may appear the same, but the connoisseur knows a "Strad." Amati or Guarnerius at once from the physiognomy of the scroll. This has been likened to the painter's touch, that is [illegible] to imitate so as to deceive one who is thoroughly conversant with the individual work of the great masters.—Circle.

Presence of Mind.

A captured Turkish officer on being led forth to execution asked for a glass of water before he died. On receiving it he looked uneasily around, as if afraid of assassination.

"Drink," said the commander. "No harm shall come to thee until thou hast drunk that water."

Instantly the commander's word was given the prisoner dashed the water on the sandy ground and thereby saved his life.

A Puzzle.

"Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I can't quite tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment."—Washington Star.

A Verbal Difference.

The difference between having a tooth drawn by a professional man and having it knocked out by a fall on the pavement is only a verbal one. The one is dental, the other accidental.

Dividing the Task.

The real division of labor, as a husband once put before me, is, "She says it, and I does it."—Bishop of Bristol.

Always on Guard.

Friend (to draper in his shop)—I notice that all your assistants squint most horribly. Couldn't you have got some better looking ones?

"I chose them purposely. They are most useful in keeping a watch on people. My customers never know on which side they are looking."—Nos Loisirs.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

STATEMENT OF THE Finances of McKean County FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 5th, 1907.

S. D. WEAVER, Treasurer of McKean County, in account with the several funds of said County, for the fiscal year ending January 5th, 1907.

COUNTY FUNDS. Dr.

To amount due last Auditors report	$ 6065 88	
To transferred from State fund	12501 19	
To ¾ of State Tax from Auditor General	1600 63	
To ½ of $6,835.00 Liquor Licenses	3395 00	
To ½ of $60.00 fines from sheriff	30 00	
To Commonwealth Costs from Sheriff	722 83	
To District Attorney's fees from Sheriff	271 66	
To Jury Fees from Sheriff	78 67	
To forfeited recognizance from County Commissioners	257 15	
To miscellaneous county receipts	454 03	
To Seated Taxes collected	46778 78	
To Unseated Taxes collected	14816 73	95175 61

COUNTY FUNDS. Cr.

By County orders paid	71021 48	
By County Superintendent account Teachers' Institute	200 00	
By C. M. Colegrove, Treas., account of Directors' Meeting	62 66	
By Treasurer's Commission for 1906	2295 45	
By balance Treasurer's Commission 1905	318 69	
By taxes refunded	1 00	
By balance due fund in hand of Treasurer	18270 90	95175 61

POOR FUND. Dr.

To amount due last Auditors Report	8596 16	
To miscellaneous Poor Receipts	2381 76	
To Seated Taxes collected	12444 50	
To Unseated taxes collected	6963 06	30375 48

POOR FUND. Cr.

By Poor orders paid	21491 12	
By Treasurer's Commission for 1906	658 67	
By balance due Treasurer's commission for 1905.	100 64	
By balance due fund in hands of Treasurer	8123 75	30375 48

STATE FUND. Dr.

To amount due last Auditors report	12591 19	
To Taxes collected	12582 53	25173 72

STATE FUND. Cr.

By transferred to County Fund	12501 19	
By balance due Treasurer on commission for 1906	577 47	
By balance due Treasurer on commission for 1905	64 57	
By balance due fund in hands of treasurer	12140 49	25173 72

DOG FUND. Dr.

To amount due last Auditors report	200 00	
To taxes collected	2305 63	2505 63

DOG FUND. Cr.

By Sheep orders paid	789 50	
By transferred to School fund	1522 23	
By Treasurer's commissions for 1906	71 85	
By balance due Treasurer's commissions for 1905	19 05	
By balance due fund in hand of Treasurer	200 00	2505 63

REDEMPTION FUND. Dr.

To amount due last auditors report	4356 78	
To amount received	3363 33	7720 11

REDEMPTION FUND. Cr.

By orders paid and deeds surrendered	3574 35	
By balance in hands of treasurer	4145 76	7720 11

LAW LIBRARY FUND. Dr.

To amount due last Auditors report	39 00	
To one-half of fines received from Sheriff	152 47	191 47

LAW LIBRARY FUND. Cr.

By paid S. Gorton, Secretary of the committee	111 13	
By Treasurer's commissions	4 30	
By balance due fund in hands of Treasurer	76 14	191 47

COLLECTORS COMMISSION. Dr.

To amount due last Auditors report	49 16	
To amount received	45 95	95 11

COLLECTORS COMMISSION. Cr.

By amount paid collector	7 24	
By balance due funds in hands of Treasurer	87 87	95 11

FISH COMMISSION FUND. Dr

To fines received	82 50	82 50

FISH COMMISSION FUND. Cr.

By paid Fish Commission	30 87	
By Treasurer's commission	1 63	82 50

GAME COMMISSION FUND. Dr.

To fine collected	37 50	37 50

GAME COMMISSION FUND. Cr.

By paid Commonwealth of Pennsylvania	35 62	
By Treasurer's commission	1 88	37 30

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff of McKean County, in account with said County for the fiscal year ending January 5th, 1907.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL. Dr.

To amount received from Commissioners on account	4000 00	
To one year's wages Turnkey	480 00	
To commonwealth costs collected	722 83	
To fines collected to date	110 10	
To District Attorneys fees collected for use of county	271 66	
To Quarter Sessions and Common Pleas Jury fees collected	78 07	
To amount to balance	293 59	5956 55

GEORGE W. MITCHELL. Cr.

By publishing General Election proclamation Bradford	30 15	
By sub witnesses before County Auditors	3 00	
By arrest of Doqui, Corusi, Godino and Frisini	24 48	
By publishing general proclamation	13 65	
By making report to State Board of Public Charities	20 00	
By cash paid Daisy Hubbard account Godino	2 00	
By publishing special election proclamation Jan. 15th 1907	10 10	
By 3% on $110.00 fines collected	3 30	
By 31 days attendance at criminal court	93 00	
By drawing and summoning Jurors and return of venires	305 50	
By taking prisoners to penitentiary, etc.	1123 51	
By board of prisoners, etc., to date	3145 00	
By check to S. D. Weaver, Treas., fines collected for year 1906	110 00	
By check to S. D. Weaver, Treas., Commonwealth costs 1906	722 83	
By check to S. D. Weaver Treas., Quarter Sessions and Common Pleas Jury fees collected for 1906	78 07	
By check to S. D. Weaver, Treas., District Attorney fees 1906	271 66	5956 55

B. H. HALL, Coroner of McKean County, in account with said County, for the fiscal year ending January 5th, 1907.

B. H. HALL, CORONER. Dr.

To amount of orders drawn	12 88	
To balance due	145 41	191 29

B. H. HALL, CORONER. Cr.

By inquests, mileage and fees	191 29	191 29

RECEIPTS OF McKEAN COUNTY.

To amount in County Treasurer's hands at last Auditor's report	6065 88	
To amount transferred from State fund	12501 19	
To ¾ of State Tax from Auditor General	1600 63	
To amount of Liquor License received	3395 00	
To amount of jury fees, fines etc., received from Sheriff during the year 1906	1103 16	
To forfeited recognizance from County Commissioners	257 15	
To miscellaneous County receipts County Commissioners	454 03	
To amount seated taxes collected	46778 78	
To amount of unseated taxes collected	14816 73	95175 61

EXPENDITURES OF McKEAN COUNTY.

By amount paid Geo. Griffiths Commissioner on account	1240 00	
By amount paid John A. Peterson Commissioner on account	1219 25	
By amount paid John P. Devlin Commissioner on account	1200 00	
By amount paid A. B. Walker Commissioners clerk on count	869 94	
By amount paid extra clerks	100 00	
By amount paid T. F. Richmond Commissioners counsel	837 50	
By amount paid D. B. Mayo District Attorney on account	937 50	
By amount paid George W. Mitchell, Sheriff on account	4,000 00	
By amount paid Charles E. Mays, ex-sheriff balance due	381 02	
By amount paid State Treasurer, State tax for the year 1905	13867 89	
By amount paid W. I. Oviatt County Auditor	205 74	
By amount paid C. W. Freeman County Auditor	108 00	
By amount paid Oscar Engstrom County Auditor	108 00	
By amount paid Thos. H. Morrison State Auditor	21 00	
By amount paid Jury Commissioners and clerk	348 94	
By amount paid S. G. Bush janitor	600 00	
By amount paid M. J. Welch turnkey	480 00	
By amount paid B. D. Colegrove, turnkey, bal. due for 1905	40 00	
By amount paid F. M. McCarty, watchman	120 00	
By amount paid M. J. Welch watchman, bal. due for 1906	10 00	
By amount paid Constable returns	421 02	
By amount paid Justice fees and discharged transcripts	523 85	
By amount paid Court Stenographers	1621 65	
By amount paid Court Crier and Tipstaves	819 50	
By amount paid Commonwealth costs	1960 71	
By amount paid White's index labor books, etc.	5010 06	
By amount paid taxes refunded	20 64	
By amount paid Pennsylvania Reform School	1179 24	
By amount paid Grand Jurors	747 60	
By amount paid Traverse Jurors	6019 09	
By amount paid Assessors for assessing	2902 75	
By amount paid Assessors for registering	2515 79	
By amount paid election expenses	3853 08	
By amount paid jail expenses	1211 84	
By amount paid fuel and lights	1025 10	
By amount paid Western Penitentiary for keeping prisoners	1441 55	
By amount paid publishing and printing	626 00	
By amount paid road views and damages	55 00	
By amount paid telegrams, freight, telephone and postage	188 23	
By amount paid Court House expenses	550 88	
By amount paid Coroner's inquest and fees	68 51	
By amount paid indigent soldiers burial	770 00	
By amount paid books and stationery	1881 93	
By amount paid bridge expenses	7031 70	
By amount paid Water Company	223 21	
By amount paid Recorder, Prothonotary and Clerk of Court fees	462 30	
By amount paid traveling expenses	80 12	
By amount paid miscellaneous expenses	834 12	
By amount paid County Superintendent, account teachers institute	200 00	
By amount paid C. M. Colegrove directors meeting	62 66	
By amount paid taxes refunded	1 00	
By amount paid S. D. Weaver, treasurer's commission	2611 14	
By balance due fund in treasury	18270 90	95175 61

COUNTY ASSETS.

Amount due County from funds in the hands of the Treasurer	18270 90	
Amount due county uncollected taxes	21601 74	
Amount due county from Fish and Game Commission	30 00	
Amount due county from State tax transferred	14,639 77	
Amount due county from State Treasurer's State tax 1906	10613 52	65478 82

COUNTY LIABILITIES.

Commonwealth costs (estimated)	250 00	
Outstanding bills, sundry items (estimated)	450 00	
Amount due State Treasurer	3630 31	
Amount due Western Penitentiary 1906	1806 90	
Amount due Pennsylvania Reform School for 1906	411 45	
Amount due assets in excess of liabilities	59109 93	65478 82

RECEIPTS OF POOR FUND.

To amount due last auditors report	8586 16	
To miscellaneous receipts	2381 76	
To seated taxes collected	12444 50	
To unseated taxes collected	6963 06	30375 48

EXPENDITURES OF POOR FUND.

By amount paid George Griffiths bal. due 1905	53 00	
By amount paid John A. Peterson bal. due 1905	17 00	
By amount paid A. B. Walker, clerk	540 00	
By amount paid T. F. Richmond, commissioners attorney	167 50	
By amount paid outside relief	3711 82	
By amount paid County Auditors	188 36	
By amount paid State Insane Asylums	6925 52	
By amount paid Feeble Minded Institute, Polk, Pa.	175 50	
By amount paid E. L. Keenan, Auditors Attorney	10 00	
By amount paid Justice fees	111 75	
By amount paid traveling expenses	365 41	
By amount paid farm expenses	2452 58	
By amount paid extra expenses, express, freight, telephone, etc.	568 31	
By amount paid salary of Supt. and all other employes	3210 57	
By amount paid provisions County Home	1314 80	
By amount paid in examinations in lunacy	110 00	
By amount paid clothing for inmates	209 62	
By amount paid furniture for County Home	71 72	
By amount paid W. A. Ostrander, physician for Co. Home	412 50	
By amount paid medicines and supplies	305 96	
By amount paid publishing and printing	156 15	
By amount paid books and stationery	10 50	
By amount paid insurance	53 00	
By amount paid fuel and lights	881 40	
By amount paid farm expenditures (bill J. C. Brennan Supt.)	122 84	
By amount paid ordinary repairs	48 10	
By amount paid S. D. Weaver Treasurer's commission	700 31	
By amount due fund Jan. 5th, 1907	8123 75	30375 48

POOR ASSETS.

Amount due from funds in hands of Treasurer	8123 75	
Amount due from uncollected taxes	4059 00	
Amount due sundry bills outstanding (estimated)	500 00	12683 41

POOR LIABILITIES.

Amount due sundry bills outstanding (estimated)	750 00	
Amount due in excess of liabilities	11933 41	12683 41

COMMISSIONERS' ACCOUNT.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS, JOHN A. PETERSON and JOHN P. DEVLIN, in account with McKean County and McKean County Poor District, for the fiscal year ending January 5th, 1907.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS, COMMISSIONER. Dr.

To amount due county for the year 1905	7 00	
To orders drawn from county fund during the year 1906	1240 00	
To orders drawn from Poor fund during the year 1906	53 00	1300 00

GEORGE GRIFFITHS, COMMISSIONER. Cr.

By salary 1906	1200 00	
By balance due from poor account 1905	53 00	
By balance due County	47 00	1300 00

JOHN A. PETERSON, COMMISSIONER. Dr.

To orders drawn from County fund during the year 1906	1219 25	1219 25

JOHN A. PETERSON, COMMISSIONER. Cr.

By balance due from county fund 1905	14 25	
By salary for 1906	1200 00	
By balance due County	5 00	1219 25

JOHN P. DEVLIN, COMMISSIONER. Dr.

To orders drawn from County funds during the year 1906	1200 00	1200 00

JOHN P. DEVLIN, COMMISSIONER. Cr.

By salary for 1906	1200 00	1200 00

STATEMENT.

Showing the cost of keeping each inmate per week at the County Home for the fiscal year ending January 5th, 1907.

Total cost of keeping inmates	8701 62	8701 62
Boarding 120 inmates 2610 and 3-7 weeks at $3.334 per week	8701 62	8701 62

STATEMENT showing the amount of State, County, Poor and Dog Tax charged, amount received and balance due from the several districts for the year 1906, subject to commissions and exonerations:—

DISTRICTS.	STATE TAX.			COUNTY TAX.			POOR TAX			DOG TAX.		
	Charged	Paid	Due	Charged	Paid	Due	Charged	Paid	Due	Charged	Paid	Due
Annin Township	$ 82 42	$ 73 20	$ 9 22	$ 704 42	$ 425 87	$ 338 56	$ 327 25	$ 189 68	$ 137 61	$ 111 00	$ 39 00	$ 72 00
Bradford, 1st Wd	578 85	234 45	344 40	6265 24	2006 55	4258 69				81 00	1 00	80 00
do 2nd Wd	2066 67	1001 83	1064 84	3722 73	1403 54	2318 89				83 00	14 00	69 00
do 3rd Wd	442 55	46 04	396 51	2913 01	1150 11	1463 50				64 00	16 00	48 00
do 4th Wd	2551 67	278 01	2303 66	3284 60	640 67	2555 00				95 00	14 00	81 00
do 5th Wd	23 69	20 84	2 98	1407 00	834 18	572 82				78 00	25 00	53 00
do 6th Wd	295 48	129 76	165 72	1517 79	362 80	954 09				125 00	35 00	90 00
do Township	282 93	265 18	17 75	2769 01	1079 13	1690 48	1171 47	722 68	451 79	198 00	94 00	104 00
Ceres Township	62 25	62 25	00 00	804 50	723 26	81 24	344 19	308 15	35 84	94 00	70 00	24 00
Corydon Township	12 71	2 00	10 71	329 40	258 30	71 10	141 81	110 73	30 78	28 00	21 00	7 00
Eldred Borough	527 17	527 17	00 00	1041 43	947 35	94 08	447 19	401 79	45 40	82 00	55 00	27 00
Eldred Township	118 65	57 60	60 55	1241 19	622 65	618 54	532 18	266 78	265 40	106 00	31 00	75 00
Foster Township	409 18	402 90	6 28	2105 27	1624 94	346 83	928 20	782 35	145 85	184 00	84 00	100 00
Hamilton Township	188 85	172 08	15 37	752 96	523 57	229 39	323 65	225 52	98 13	105 00	44 00	61 00
Hamlin Township	107 00	100 00	7 00	1402 77	641 03	761 74	572 57	274 65	297 92	180 00	18 00	162 00
Kane Borough, 1st Wd	103 59	98 00	9 00	1592 10	978 64	413 46	594 96	428 63	166 33	67 00	25 00	42 00
do do 2nd Wd	479 19	455 19	24 00	1550 17	829 65	759 53	658 00	304 59	317 61	31 00	10 00	21 00
do do 3rd Wd	427 80	409 20	18 60	1508 03	1075 59	428 34	941 96	501 06	83 90	30 00	22 00	8 00
do do 4th Wd	19 46	17 66	1 60	881 72	579 16	282 56	360 96	217 10	122 58	48 00	13 00	35 00
Keating Township	173 85	164 18	10 72	2165 24	1401 05	764 19	938 05	493 53	445 52	234 00	72 00	162 00
Lafayette Township	46 02	44 02	2 00	1169 86	966 52	202 84	501 78	411 45	97 33	125 00	70 00	55 00
Liberty Township	42 30	33 30	9 00	1210 00	471 73	747 27	624 01	304 98	319 00	271 00	84 00	187 00
Mt. Jewett Borough	224 95	202 85	22 60	1224 76	768 52	456 24	525 41	329 53	195 93	57 00	15 00	42 00
Norwich Township	67 15	62 74	4 41	688 79	409 82	278 07	295 74	176 02	119 72	106 00	24 00	82 00
Otto Township	84 23	84 23	00 00	1436 53	1234 68	201 85	616 39	529 69	86 69	89 00	54 00	35 00
Port Allegany Borough	1102 97	1004 33	98 64	2868 99	1972 07	306 89	1016 19	848 20	160 09	43 00	22 00	21 00
Sergeant Township	73 13	66 53	6 60	575 16	483 92	91 24	247 08	205 49	41 54	94 00	51 00	43 00
Smethport Borough	2067 53	2012 19	25 34	1765 17	1259 74	405 43	752 01	552 28	200 03	76 00	24 00	52 00
Wetmore Township	72 14	49 94	22 20	1236 48	791 30	445 18	530 09	339 82	191 31	91 00	27 00	64 00
	$14504 00	$8954 40	$5550 60	$40489 01	$27707 27	$21601 74	$13026 05	$8965 59	$4050 66	$2923 00	$1014 00	$1909 00

We, the undersigned Commissioners of McKean County and McKean County Poor District, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement of Assets and Liabilities are true and correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Attest: A. B. WALKER, Clerk.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
County Commissioners.

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Disordered or dark urine, sometimes excessive and of pale color.
Unusual desire to urinate, especially at night.
"Brick Dust" deposit, sometimes containing albumen.
Swelling around eyes, ankles and abdomen.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Pain in the back, [illegible] in the legs.
[illegible]
[illegible]

If you have any of these symptoms your kidneys need attention and [illegible] David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy [illegible] at once. [illegible] these symptoms? [illegible] Bright's Disease, [illegible] is nearly always the outcome. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has cured thousands of kidney diseases and we have the positive proof. It will cure you. Send to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and medical booklet. Large bottles $1.00, at all druggists.

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GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, heart-burn, foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing, sinking feeling in stomach, biliousness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it will yield to this sovereign remedy if it be not too far reserved in. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

In coughs and hoarseness, caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 9, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attend the concert at the M. E. church to-night.

—If you are looking for bargains read The Lindholm Co.'s new ad.

—Dr. John Watson, better known as "Ian MacLaren," an author of renown, died at Mt. Pleasant Monday

—The local W. C. T. U. are arranging for two addresses on Sunday, May 19, by Mrs. Susan S. Tossenden of Boston, Mass Particulars next week.

—Howe's moving pictures, which will be given at the Lyceum to-morrow (Friday) evening, gave excellent satisfaction upon a previous engagement this season.

—Advertising in your home paper is a sure evidence that you have something worth selling, and that you care enough about your friends to invite them to trade with you, says an exchange.

—A Missouri woman is suing an editor because he said in an obituary that her husband had gone to a happier home. It never pays for an editor to say what he thinks when writing an obituary.

—Clarence Rumsey of Tioga has confessed to having murdered his aged father in February last, and names Robert Giles of the same place as an accomplice. The young man murdered his father during a quarrel.

—The Potter Enterprise has branched out from a weekly to a thrice-a-week newspaper. Whether this will be a paying venture remains to be seen, but to the more sanguine it seems as if the territory is too small to warrant a thrice-a-week edition.

—F. H. Newell, director of the reclamation service of the U. S. government, spent Sunday as the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Newell of School street. Mr. Newell is an old time Bradford boy who has achieved a maximum of success in his chosen calling, in which he had his beginning as a surveyor. Now he is at the head of that important department which has the reclamation of waste lands as an object. Mr. Newell departed for St. Louis to join the commission on inland waterways on an inspection trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans, on a proposal to increase the depth of the mighty river.—Record.

The Battered Hobbyhorse.

A scarred and battered hobbyhorse, with one eye missing, its tail and mane reduced to ragged wisps of hair and a little leather saddle worn almost to fragments on its back, formed a part of the baggage carried by an aged couple in the Union station waiting room at St. Louis the other evening. It captured the interest of a crowd that gathered. The old man listened to the comments, some of them unkind jests. Then he spoke, almost in a tone of apology. "We're goin' to Texas, and we couldn't leave it behind," he explained. "You see, it belonged to our little boy that's dead. He used to set a night o' store by that old horse, and now it's all we've got to remember him by. We kept it all those years back in Indiana, and then when Pa's got bad and our daughter down in Texas sent for us, why, we just packed up and started. Had to leave lots of things back there, but not that. We couldn't leave that, could we?" He turned to his wife. "No; we couldn't leave the horse," she said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Buying Clothes.

"I suppose everybody has some plan of making purchases," said a man holding a list of wearing apparel that he was about to buy. "Do you see those two articles I have crossed off? I am not going to buy them till the end of the season, when the price will be cut. For the same reason I am not going to lose a day in securing the articles not crossed off. The two articles I cut out I can wait for without much inconvenience. As for the others, since I have to buy them in season and pay the regular price, I will buy them at once and have at least a month and a half's extra use of them. That makes me break even with the end of the season. I save by purchasing early and late, though the early purchases I deem most economical, particularly in things where style is a consideration."—Columbus Dispatch.

In a German Law Court.

A German law court was the scene lately of an amusing incident. The magistrate, a tiresome and long winded person, was deciding a small case in which the plaintiff claimed damages for abuse. "To call a man a 'pig' or a 'dog,'" replied the judge, "is certainly an insult, but to say that he is a 'pig-dog' is offensive, for no such animal exists." The plaintiff glared at the bench. "Schweine-Hund!" he remarked, with bitter emphasis.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Every one knows that Spring is the season of the year when the system needs cleaning. Dade's Little Liver Pills are highly recommended. Try them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

ANIMALS AND POISON.

Some Species Are Immune to the Most Deadly Drugs.

MYSTERY OF THE HEDGEHOG.

This Bristly Little Creature Can Make a Meal of Arsenic or Opium and Wash It Down With a Draft of Prussic Acid Without Discomfort.

Poison is surely one of the most weird of nature's bizarre contrivances. A tiny speck of an innocent looking white powder on the tip of the tongue means instant death if that powder happens to be the deadly drug aconitine. A moment's whiff of unseen vapor, and if that vapor rises from pure prussic acid all human aid is too late. The strangest fact about that curious group of locally exiled poisons is that sometimes they are not poisons. Of course every one knows that when kept under certain conditions most of the physician's poisons are most valuable medicines. But few persons are aware of the still more curious fact that poisons when eaten by certain animals even in large quantities are quite harmless.

Yet, strange as it may seem, this is perfectly true. Take, for instance, the hedgehog. This bristly little animal is absolutely poison proof. It can eat without discomfort as much opium as a hardened Chinese can smoke in a fortnight and can wash a meal down with as much prussic acid as would kill a regiment of soldiers. It is capable of swallowing arsenic with just as much relish as it eats cockroaches. It is quite immune to the venom of the snake, though the prickly hedgehog has little need to fear the approach of such a reptile. It has even been stated that it can swallow corrosive sublimate, and yet this is a virulent poison which human beings must handle with caution, for even a solution of it externally applied has been known to cause death.

Cyanide of potassium is another deadly substance of which the hedgehog need have no fear, and yet the merest trace of the poison is sufficient to cause a full grown man to foam at the mouth and lose the power of his limbs. Truly the hedgehog is a strange freak and yet not so inexplicable as the poisons by which he refuses to be poisoned.

Man is said to resemble the monkey in more ways than one, but, whatever characteristics they may have in common, the ape differs from the human being in this respect: he can take with impunity as much strychnine as would kill two men instantly. The monkey, curiously enough, shares its immunity to strychnine poisoning with favorite brute animals. Another phenomenon is the rat. The number of rat poisons sold by druggists is legion, but there is one poison which never enters into their composition namely, digitalin, the active principle of the foxglove. One-half grain of this poisonous principle suffices to kill a man within three quarters of an hour, but the rat absolutely refuses to let it kill him.

When it is discovered that a human being has swallowed oxalic acid, the first thing the doctor does is to give his unfortunate patient a good dose of chalk, technically known as calcium carbonate. Strange to relate, chickens are not poisoned by oxalic acid, for the simple reason that their intestines contain the antidote in the form of quantities of calcium, which combine with the poison and render it quite harmless. It is interesting, however, to mention that if oxalic acid is injected into the blood of a fowl it would be poisoned. It is only when given by the mouth that the acid comes in contact with the antidote. However, as chickens are not provided with hypodermic syringes, they are not likely to run any danger.

If China were inhabited by pigeons instead of by people who speak pigeon English, a costly war and no end of controversy might have been averted, for pigeons are not demoralized by opium. You cannot put a pigeon to sleep with the "drowsy glunt," simply because there is something in the bird's interior which resists the narcotic influence of the morphine to which opium owes its activity.

There is little to connect the Russian peasant with a goat—unless it is beard—yet nevertheless both have one trait in common—neither is harmed by hemlock. It was the juice of the hemlock, so we have been told until we are tired of hearing it, that killed Socrates. Ever since then it has been on the poison list as far as civilized beings are concerned; but, all the same, roots of hemlock are eaten as food by the Russian peasants—and by goats.

In one respect the peasant of the Austrian Tyrol resembles the hedgehog, because he can take in one dose as much arsenic as would kill several Americans. This is not because the peasant is provided with any special means of combating the effects of the drug, but because he habituates himself to it. The Tyrolean finds that arsenic increases his power of endurance. He commences by taking an eighth part of a grain for a dose, which is gradually increased until he can take without any ill effect five or more grains at a time.

Experts have not been able to make up their minds why these people become tolerant to the drug. The most plausible theory put forward up to the present is that an antitoxin is formed by the administration of the poison which immunizes the subject, just as calf lymph immunizes us against smallpox.—Baltimore Sun.

Confided in Her.

Her Mother—Does your husband take you into his confidence regarding his business affairs? Young Wife—Oh, yes; he did so only this morning. When I asked him to let me have $50 for a new gown he said he was very sorry, but business was so bad just now he couldn't possibly do it.—Chicago News.

TELESCOPE LENSES.

Astonishing Sensitiveness of These Wonderful Glasses.

With the exception of astronomers, few persons have any idea of the wonderful mechanical pieces of the lens of a telescope. These marvelous artificial eyes can be produced only by the exercise of the most scrupulous care in the selection of the glass itself, consummate skill and inexhaustible patience. The process of grinding and polishing often occupies several months. When the lens of a big telescope is completed, it constitutes one of the greatest marvels wrought by man.

An article in the Literary Digest describes how the sensitiveness of a lens was illustrated by Alvan Clark, the greatest lensmaker America has produced:

Mr. Clark walked down to the lens and held his hand under it about two feet away. Instantaneously a marvelous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spurting forth jets of flame.

The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light vibrated and vibrated; then fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving the lens collecting only a pure, untroubled light.

What to it? How do you account for the violent? were the outer questions. It is only the radiation of heat differently expanding and contracting the glass. If the hand had been put upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have been more violent.

To a person accustomed to lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundred pounds is astonishing, but to the scientist it is an everyday matter, for he has instruments that will register with unfaltering nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.

America's First Cannery.

The first man to introduce canning into the United States was an Englishman named Thomas Kensett, who learned the business in the old country from Peter Durant, who, in 1810, obtained a patent for putting up food in hermetically sealed vessels of glass, pottery or tin. In 1825 Kensett established a factory in Maryland, where fruits, vegetables and oysters were packed and cheap, and that state continued to be the center of the industry for many years, but it did not make much progress until the civil war, when there was a great demand for vegetables and fruits in the army. After the war the invasion of the mountains by miners and the settlement of the prairies by ranchmen and farmers kept up the demand.—W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Innocent Joys of Youth.

"Goodness, Fanny!" exclaimed a mother to her little daughter. "Why are you shouting like that? Why can't you be quiet like your brother?"

"He's got to be quiet," replied Fanny. "He's playing papa coming home late."

"And who are you playing?"

"Oh, I'm playing you!"—Harper's Weekly.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than life, but a flea always larger.—Swift.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

BEE'S LAXATIVE.

No Opiates. Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINING HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

When your Watch Stops

You cannot make it go by shaking it.



When the bowels are constipated you can disturb them with cathartics but, like the watch, they will not be able to do their allotted work until they are put into proper condition to do it.

One cannot mend a delicate piece of mechanism by violent methods, and no machine made by man is as fine as the human body.

The use of pills, salts, castor-oil and strong cathartic medicines is the violent method. The use of the herb tonic laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine

is the method adopted by intelligent people.

Headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, skin diseases—all are benefited immediately by the use of this medicine.

Druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c.

In the treatment of piles it becomes necessary to have the remedy put up in such a form that it can be applied to the parts affected. Man Zan Pile remedy is encased in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. It cannot help but reach the spot. Relieves blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. 50 cents with nozzle guaranteed. Try it. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. S. Young, to reduce stock.

L. K. Hogarth

DISTILLED WATER

is absolutely pure water. It is water reduced to vapor and condensed. Filtered water is merely water strained through a filter. No water is chemically pure except

DISTILLED WATER.

None but distilled water used at our fountain and in our prescription work. We are manufacturing a wholesome, home made

ICE CREAM

The Pure Food Inspector has always commended our ice cream soda but this year he will be simply charmed with our plant and the source of our daily fresh dairy cream supply.

Orders for ice cream in any quantity, On Sunday until 2 o'clock and after 8 p. m.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

PHOTOGRAPHY

Go to GLEASON'S

Everything the latest and up-to-date. The most complete line of picture moulding ever shown in town. 100 varieties to select from. Call and see them.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer. Smethport, Pa.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T COOPER.

CONSTIPATION



SAMUEL BOOREN.

I can tell a person who is constipated on sight. Their complexion is pasty or yellow. Their eyes are dull, and they look and feel sleepy. No wonder they do. The bowels are unclean. They carry away the poisonous refuse. If they dont act the poisonous matter is absorbed by the body, and headaches, dullness, bad complexion and eventually serious troubles result.

There is no better rule for good health than that the bowels should move every day at the same hour if possible. Regularity can be acquired by making a habit of this. Foolish people neglect this and when chronic constipation sets in, then they take pills every few days to force the bowels to perform their natural function. As years go on they require more and more pills. This should be stopped. Cooper's New Discovery will tone up the stomach and cause the bowels to act naturally. While taking the medicine get the habit of regularity, then gradually stop taking the medicine.

Here is a sample of letters from those who have tried it:

"For sixteen years I have suffered from stomach and liver troubles, and chronic constipation. I had frequent headaches and always felt tired and worn out. I heard of Cooper's New Discovery and began its use. After I had finished one bottle I was wonderfully improved. Constipation gave way to a pleasing regularity of the bowels and I ate better, slept better and felt better than I had for months. It is the greatest medicine I have ever known." Samuel Booren, 1742 Munsey Ave., Scranton Pa.

Our customers who have used them say the Cooper medicines do the work. We sell them.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Ice Cream Soda

is delicious. Come and try it.

M'Kean County Miner

[illegible] EVERY THURSDAY

[illegible] per year, or if paid strictly [illegible] per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible] advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] column per annum, payable [illegible] position and no deviation [illegible]. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 9, 1907

Political Announcements.

FOR TREASURER.

[illegible] Please announce that I am [illegible] the nomination of County [illegible] the decision of the [illegible]
H. W. R[illegible]

[illegible] Feb. 11, 1907.

[illegible] Please announce to the [illegible] Kean county that I am a candidate [illegible] Treasurer, [illegible] the first of June next.
A. F. Hannon.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules of the Republican primaries.
L. J. K[illegible]

[illegible] Feb. 12, 1907.

[illegible] Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
George Payne.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. B. Walker.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 13, 1907.

Editor Miner:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of McKean county, at the primary election, June 1, next.
W. T. Bogart.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 25, 1907.

COUNTY CORONER.

[illegible] I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean [illegible] subject to the decision of the Republican [illegible] to be held on June 1.
E. R. Sherman.
[illegible] 1907.

[illegible] relations are off between [illegible] and Guatemala and it looks as if war is inevitable between these two countries.

Two important changes were made in State officials at Harrisburg this week. On Tuesday Hon. Henry Houck, the new Secretary of Internal Affairs assumed his office and on Wednesday Hon. Robert K. Young, the Auditor General, took the oath of office. Mr. Houck succeeds Major I. B. Brown and Mr. Young takes the place of Hon. E. B. Hardenbergh.

Little Horace Marvin, Jr., who was supposed to have been kidnapped from the home of his father in Dover, Del., and for whose recovery a small fortune has been expended and several suspects have been arrested and afterwards released, was found last Saturday lying in a pool of water in a marsh less than half a mile from where he was last seen. It is supposed the little fellow wandered away and perished from cold and hunger.

The marvelous strength of Roosevelt with the masses, says a writer in the Albany Journal, is that thousands of people [illegible] sick and tired of crooked [illegible] as some of the men who [illegible] Roosevelt typify and stand [illegible] want a man who [illegible] upon to expose and to [illegible]; they do not [illegible] politics. They want [illegible] who cannot be cajoled. They [illegible] Roosevelt as an unsparing enemy [illegible] aggression, and in [illegible] that is the one real live issue for 1908.

Only [illegible] more than three weeks remain for the candidates for county treasurer to get before the voters. There are seven [illegible] Republicans after the nomination and all are conducting a quiet [illegible] campaign. Six of these men [illegible] be disappointed but from appearances [illegible] looks as if all would make a good [illegible]. The Democrats have not [illegible] a candidate but it is quite [illegible] W. Hilton of Smethport [illegible] of that party. The [illegible] have placed him in nomination [illegible] his endorsement [illegible] interesting for his [illegible].

Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, in St. Paul, Mich., the other night addressed [illegible] members of the Twin City [illegible] Association at a banquet. Mr. Littlefield was asked who he thought would be the Republican Presidential nominee. "I think that Theodore Roosevelt will be nominated," he said. "Of course in expressing the belief that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated I am judging the situation as it now stand and there may be a change in the course of events. I am convinced that President Roosevelt is sincere in his declaration that he does not want to be a candidate again, but I believe in spite of this declaration that he will be the first choice of the Republicans at the national Republican convention."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., May 4, 1907.

While there is no immediate prospect of tariff changes, and in the nature of things cannot be before Congress reassembles, there is a great deal of interest in the matter both in the Treasury Department and at the State Department owing to the action of France in threatening to enforce the maximum tariff against this country, and the announcement of Ex-Premier Balfour coming out unreservedly in favor of a British protective tariff. The situation with France is the more pressing of the two. France was a party to the new German tariff treaty, and in common with six other European countries made a special arrangement in virtue of which they were to accord each other the "most favored nation" treatment, and this meant that other countries, including the United States, would be cut out of such treatment as soon as these treaties expired. Now France is our third largest customer, the two leading ones being Great Britain and Germany, so that while the maximum tariff would not mean shutting us out of all trade with France and Germany, it would seriously reduce the volume of trade and would inflict commercial trouble that this country could ill afford. The threat of France has been to enforce the maximum duties in the case of cotton and cottonseed oil, and exclude American meats altogether unless they have a government certificate of microscopic inspection. These three articles are the articles of largest trade between this country and France, and their [illegible] under the new tariff arrangement would be [illegible] great loss to the planters of [illegible] and the cattle raisers of [illegible] We have just [illegible] with Germany by [illegible] commission of tariff experts [illegible] and [illegible] trade between the [illegible] will continue for another year [illegible] Congress has a chance to make [illegible] tariff arrangement.

[illegible] negotiations are progressing between Secretary Root and Ambassador Jusserand that probably will result in sending a similar commission to France.

The announcement from Great Britain is not taken so seriously by officials. It is known, of course, that there is no [illegible] Great Britain. She is the only one of the great civilized powers that has free trade, and she is the best customer of the United States in the markets of the world. There has been an effort for three years past to get Great Britain to adopt a protective tariff. This was the question on which Joseph Chamberlain resigned from the Colonial Office. Premier Balfour, who was his close friend and understudy in tariff matters, avoided at the time committing himself to a protective tariff policy. Now, however, he has announced himself, declaring in favor of a "preferential arrangement with the colonies," which would mean that they would have free trade with the mother country and the rest of the world would be shut out by a tariff wall. The British mind moves very slowly in matters of national change, so that it is not likely there will be any immediate alteration in Britain's policy of free trade. But things are evidently moving that way, and such a thing would seriously affect the trade of this country with Canada and Australia. It must be said, however, that while there is now a preference in the Canadian tariff of 33⅓ per cent. in favor of Great Britain as against the United States, our trade with Canada has grown steadily in the past decade, and that of Great Britain with Canada has as steadily fallen off.

Final arrangements were made this week for what will be a great architectural competition in Washington. It is for the plans for the new home of the Bureau of American Republics. There is in Washington an international Bureau of this sort that is supported in part by this government and partly in proportion to population by all the other republics of this hemisphere. Its object is to [illegible] trade and other amicable relations between the American republics. It issues trade bulletins in Spanish, Portuguese and English, and does a most excellent work in distributing information and fostering good relations. It has for years occupied rented quarters opposite the State, War and Navy Departments. Its work has been unobtrusive, but is growing steadily more valuable. Some time ago this government appropriated $250,000 toward a permanent home for the Bureau, and on the first of the year Andrew Carnegie, at the instance of Secretary Root, made a donation of $750,000 for the same purpose. The Bureau has bought a tract of five acres of ground just on the south edge of the city and close to the business section, and the architects of the country are to compete in drawing plans for this home. There are 150 firms engaged in the competition, and prizes aggregating to $14,000 will be given for the plans beside a large cash payment to the successful firm. The building and fittings will cost $800,000, so it can be seen that it will be a decided addition to the architecture of the city. It probably will be of the Spanish type of architecture, with a central court roofed with glass with flower beds, palms and ferns. It is a rare opportunity for artistic treatment, and probably will be taken advantage of to the full.

A case of Jean Valjean was presented to the President this week. It was a man named William January, who nine years ago was sentenced to jail, and while serving his term, escaped and assumed the name of Charles Anderson. He led a perfectly honest life and did well in the world, married, and became the father of one child. Afterward he was betrayed to the authorities by a former convict associate, and would be taken back to serve out his old sentence with no time off for good behavior if executive clemency were not exercised in his favor. The President has promised, however, to look into the case, and if it is all as has been represented to the Department of Justice, there is no question but that the ex-convict will be given a free pardon and allowed to continue the reputable life he has been leading.

A statement has just been issued by the Treasury Department showing that the per capita circulation of the country is $34.16, the largest on record. The highest previous record was in February last when it amounted to $33.96. This is on a population basis of 85,886,000.

Subscribe for the Miner.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

To the School Girl Graduate Who Cannot Visit This Store

We will mail samples of the new soft white materials upon receipt of a postal card [illegible].

KID GLOVES.

The long Mosquetaire Gloves in all lengths, in white [illegible] all colors.

RIBBON STOCK.

The new [illegible], the pretty soft Ribbons, the Pride, the Roman Stripes; complete in all colors.

TO THE JUNE BRIDE.

We can supply your Trosseau complete. We can furnish your house complete. Our Furniture Novelties, as well as the staple pieces, quite necessary for housekeeping, are found here—for the buyer with limited means as well as the buyer with the fat pocketbook. We are prepared to contract for all of the Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Draperies [illegible] complete.

PRETTY MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

"Martin's Nuf Ced"—This line of Skirts, Gowns, Corset Covers and Drawers are known far and near by the well dressed woman. The MARTIN'S employ none but the most expert designers—and the price is the factor that sell us such large quantities of this popular make. Ask to see

"Martin's Muslin Underwear."

We wish we might quote prices, but not now.

COME AND SEE.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Furniture and Carpet House in S. W'n. N. Y.



Hart, Shaffner & Mark,

Michaels, Stern & Co.,

CLOTHING FOR MEN

Widow Jones

CLOTHING FOR BOYS.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable, Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor

Smethport, Pa.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

MAY STYLE BOOK FREE.

ARE YOU HOUSE CLEANING?

If so you have no doubt found many things which need replacing by new goods.

Therefore I call your attention to my line of

Lace and Mull Curtains, Lace and Mull Curtaining, Curtain and Extension Rods, Window Shades, Scrims, Silkolines, Cretennes

and many other useful goods in this line.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

February 26, 1907.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is [illegible] coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,

Smethport, Pa.

The Man Who Works

[illegible] day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes [illegible] that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

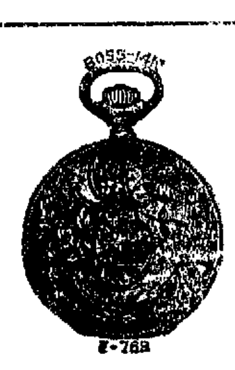
We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

When you think of PLUMBING think of STRONG'S.

Having added H. H. Redfield's plumbing business and tinners' tools to my stock I am now prepared to do all plumbing and tinning in a satisfactory manner.

o—o—o

Give me a chance to figure on your next job.

o—o—o

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

Both 'Phones. Rubin Block. Smethport.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

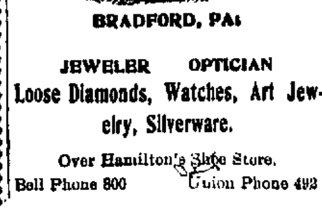
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BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.



BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

The Lindholm Co.
STORE NEWS.

In the Suit Department.

Seven of our very best suits, $27.50 and $30 values, Friday and Saturday at **24.50**

These are new models, up-to-the-minute Printzess Garments and will go fast. GET YOURS FIRST.

Skirts.

About twenty [illegible] model skirts, usually sell for $6 to $7, Friday and Saturday at **4.98**

W[illegible]

Men's Wear.

[illegible] The soft dressy negligee suitable for men in every walk of life **1.00**

A neat shirt, attached cuffs and turn down collar **1.25**

[illegible] The latest styles in Linen Collars. [illegible] sizes in stock and every collar guarteed to give perfect satisfaction.

Shoe Department.

Spring oxfords, the kind that give you service, priced from **1.50 to 3.50**

A special lot Clean-up of our best $3.00 to $3.50 Shoes, odd sizes. Yours may be in these, while they last they are **2.10 pr.**

[illegible] Dress Goods Department where you will find waiting for you all the new goods of the season [illegible]

A [illegible] black [illegible], and Taffe[illegible] $1.75 or 1.85. This week at **1.48**

Spring Headwear for Boys and Girls.

Hats and Caps for the little folks that are stylish and will not crowd your purse. Priced from **25c to 50c**

Three rolls 50c Carpet, while they last they will be sent you sewed, ready to lay at **42c yd**

A LACE CURTAIN DEAL.

50 prs. of Curtains, all worth from $1.35 to $1.50. Friday and Saturday at **98c**

A Light Blue Linoleum suitable for Kitchen, Bath Room or Hall. 60c values at **45c yd.**

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 9, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

[illegible]

[illegible] at Monday.

—Will someone please head off the weather.

—It snowed in Mt. Jewett and Kane last Saturday.

—Walker's I. X. L. ice cream at the Model Restaurant.

—See Howe's moving pictures at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—A dog census of Bradford shows that there are 698 canines in that city.

—J. M. Hilton is confined at the home of his mother in Bradford with illness.

—The Ladies' Bridge Club was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. S. E. Bell yesterday afternoon.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have taken the lead[illegible] in their [illegible] another [illegible]

—On Monday Alice Zupp and family left for Clarion, Pa., where they will make their future home.

—The interior of the Commercial House is being painted and papered. R. F. Koenig is doing the work.

—Wade Theetge, a former Smethport resident, has been released from the Bradford Interstate League team.

—Port Allegany has organized a base ball team. It's dollars to buttons "Jersey" Lemon was one of the promoters.

—The annual reunion of the Five County Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held in Galeton July 25th and 26th.

—An enjoyable dance was held at the hose house last Friday evening. The music was furnished by two traveling musicians.

—Misses Ella Partridge and Hattie Walker entertained the Lakewood Club at the home of Mrs. Allan Park last evening.

—P. S. Curran has been elected to represent the Smethport branch of the G. B. B. A. at the annual convention in Toronto next July.

—The Smethport window glass factory shut down for the season last Friday. It has been a very successful fire to both manufacturer and employe.

—Unless you "swipe" a suit you could not acquire one at a lower price than advertised on this page by Monheimer and displayed in his window.

—"Buke" Servatius is making good on the Lancaster, Ohio, ball team. He is wielding the bat with effect and playing first base, a new position for him, like an old timer.

—It is estimated that 60,000,000 feet of hemlock timber will be taken from the hills of Potter county within the next year.

—An historical lesson will be given in the Sunday school room of the parish house at 12 m. on Sunday to the children by Mrs. T. A. Morrison.

—Robert W. Hilton arrived in Smethport from Buffalo Monday with his new [illegible] car. He was accompanied on the trip by S. D. Weaver and R. W. Fagett of Bradford.

—Mr and Mrs. Gustave Engstrom pleasantly entertained a number of young people at their home on Green street last Saturday evening. The time was passed with pleasure and profit to all.

—Sunday baseball and in a cemetery was the cause of 19 arrests in a Pittsburg burial place last Sabbath. "From grave to gay" is but a step in that town, says the Random Notes of the Bradford Era.

—Theron Lyle, who has been bookkeeper for Holmes & Gilfillan for some time, has accepted a position as office manager of the Leader Specialty Manufacturing Co. and assumed his new duties this morning.

—Miss Nellie C. Burt and Mr. Franklin C. Maltby were married at the home of the bride's parents in Burtville yesterday. Mr. Maltby is a former McKean county printer and school teacher and has many acquaintances in this place.

—You are invited to the meeting of the W. C. T. U. Wednesday, May 15, at 2:30 p. m. A report of the County convention held in East Bradford will be given, light refreshments served, and a social hour provided for. In the M. E. chapel.

—Married—At Olean, N. Y., Saturday, May 4, 1907, Mr. Truman Keesler and Miss Gyulla Reynolds, both of Smethport. Mr. and Mrs. Keesler returned to this place on Monday and are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

—The Class of 1907 of Smethport High School will be composed of five members, four young ladies and one young man, as follows: Jennie Keesler, Lena Young, Ester Erhart, Hazel Green and Forest Day. The commencement exercises will be held early in June.

—A monument of neat and artistic design has just been placed in the Clermont cemetery to the memory of Geo. Herzog and family. The monument is made of imported Swedish granite and completed at the works of Foley Bros. Co., the Olean monumental dealers.

—Mrs. Sheridan Gorton surprised her daughter, Miss Rita, last evening by inviting fourteen young ladies to the family home on King street to help her celebrate her fourteenth birthday. Refreshments were served and a general good time had by all.

—B. L. Ingalls, a collector who has been wanted some time by Bradford police, for larceny, was captured in Norfolk, Va. Ingalls was the whole thing in his collection agency but he forgot to settle bills and turn over collected money before leaving Bradford.

—The game of baseball played at Coudersport last Saturday between the Smethport and Coudersport high school teams was the last to be played on the Kernan grounds as the owner is having it plowed up for a garden. It has been the scene for many years of many hard defeats and glorious victories.

—A chicken coop and outhouse belonging to Clayte Irons, who lives just west of town, were destroyed by fire last Friday. Mrs. Irons had emptied some waste paper in one of the buildings and it is thought that among the papers were some matches which were set afire by chickens pecking at them.

—Some of the boys in the Coudersport high school have demonstrated the fact that they are pretty well advanced in more than one grade. At a recent banquet some of them "rushed the growler" and now there is an effort on foot to find out who furnished the beer. It would seem like an easy job.—Austin Autograph.

—Miss Mary Waldron is a bright and charming young singer, only four years from Scotland. She has a beautiful soprano voice, sweet and clear, like the tones of a silver bell, and in all her songs there was a vein of naturalness that caught the sympathy of her audience.—Toronto Globe. She will be at the M. E. church this evening.

—A beer drinking soiree being held in the lockup last Friday evening was interrupted by Officer McCarty and in the scattering of the participants two were captured by the efficient chief and after passing the night in the bastile swelled the funds in the borough treasury to the tune of $3 each the next morning. It is said some of those who eluded the policeman "are going yet."

—Mary, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McCarty, who reside on East Main street, was painfully injured Monday morning. She was on her way to G W. King's store at East Smethport, and when in front of the Armstrong property she fell through a hole in the walk. In falling the little one struck on a crock which she was carrying, inflicting a bad cut on her cheek.

—Providing the weather is favorable the Smethport and Coudersport High School base ball teams will contest for supremacy at Kane Field next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Perry, the capable twirler of the Smethport team, will endeavor to give the opponents some of the medicine Sherburne gave them last Saturday. Admission is 25c, grandstand 10c.

—Paving is assured in Port Allegany. At a special election in that place last week the voters decided by a vote of 282 to 6 in favor of bonding the town in the sum of $14,000 for paving purposes. This should result in bringing paving converts into the fold in Smethport. It is up to the residents to decide whether they are willing to allow Port Allegany to forge ahead of us as an enterprising and progressive borough.

—The local branch of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association will hold a memorial service to the memory of the dead members of that order at St. Elizabeth's church next Sunday evening. Rev. J. F. Dugan will preach a sermon applicable to the occasion and cordially invites all men to attend. This is the first service of this kind in Smethport but the bottle blowers throughout the country have observed it for many years.

—Frank J. Collins and Clarence L. Egbert of Bradford took passage from New York Monday enroute to Spain. They intend to visit Cadiz, Madrid, and other Spanish cities, and will also go to Bordeaux, Cognac and Paris, France. Mr. Collins will combine business with pleasure in his journeying, being American representative of several wine importers in both Spain and France. Mr. Egbert will go for recreation. The tourists expect to be back about June 1.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Prompt delivery, satisfactory work and quick collections is the motto of my laundry. W. B. Fry.

LYCEUM THEATRE
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Friday, May 10, 1907.

25th Semi-Annual Tour of

Lyman H. Howe

Presents the

Crowning Triumph of Realism

In His New Moving Pictures.

AN INTERNATIONAL SPECTACLE.

TWO HOURS OF WORLD TRAVEL.

Ireland and Its People.
Climbing Untrodden Peaks.
Daring Horsemanship.
Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.
Perils of Whaling.
Ancient Methods of Lumbering of India.
Many Others.

The World Revealed.
Prices: 25, 35, 50c.

Reserved seats on sale at Wells' drug store.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. C. Herzog [illegible] grove.

Miss Rose [illegible] is visiting relatives in Buffalo.

Sheriff and Mrs. O. W. Mitchell are in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus leave today for Bradford.

Mark Pomeroy was over from Port Allegany Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean are in Pittsburg this week.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was shopping in Bradford yesterday.

M. J. McMahon of DuBois had business in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup are Pittsburg visitors this week.

F. J. Dunbar passed Sunday in Olean, N. Y., with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Gorton [illegible] in Franklinville Sunday.

Thomas [illegible] returned yesterday from a few days' [illegible] Kinzua.

E. R. Mayo, Esq., is attending court in Cameron county this week.

Miss Ida [illegible] returned this week from a visit in Port Allegany.

Attorney J. P. Haughney of Eldred had business in town Monday.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce left yesterday for a visit with relatives in Warren.

Mrs. T. W. Sweeney has returned from an extended visit in Bainbridge, Ga.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was the guest of Miss Josephine Monroe in Olean over Sunday.

Misses Margaret McLaughlin and Edna Anderson of Colegrove are visiting in town to-day.

Miss Lydia Burlingame of Kasson and Miss Ione Hamilton of Bradford were visitors in town Sunday.

Mrs. F. S. Sherman of Straight and Miss Margaret Keating of Clermont were shopping in town Tuesday.

Mrs. C. D. Comes was called to Castile, N. Y., yesterday by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. O. H. Goodsell.

Mrs. Ray E. Button of Oswego, N. Y., spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawyer.

A. W. Mitchell of Erie arrived in town last Friday on a visit to his family who are guests of relatives in town.

Rex Gorton returned to his duties in New York City last Saturday after passing a few days with his parents in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark and daughter, Helen, of Bradford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hazen last week.

W. A. Andorfer was in Warren last Friday and in the evening assisted in instituting a lodge of the Eastern Star at that place.

Prof. T. T. Allen was in Kane Friday evening and acted as one of the judges in a literary contest between students of the Kane high school.

Mrs. T. F. Hungiville and daughters, Misses Edna and Margaret, returned Tuesday from a few days' visit with friends in Mt. Jewett.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Frost and daughter of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are guests at the home of Mrs. Frost's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Barrett.

"Doc" Ostrander and "Ike" Gleason of Smethport were below town yesterday. Whether for oil, gas or leeks they would not say.—Eldred Eagle.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, Mrs. Mary Pelton, Mrs. John Clark, Mrs. H. H. Sasse, daughter, Margaret, and Miss Amanda Sasse attended the funeral of Mrs. Erwin Schott in Olean Monday.

Mrs. J. J. Abbey and son, Harry, of Smethport, who have been the guests of Mrs. Thomas McGowan of Coleman Mill, left Wednesday to visit friends in Turtle Point before returning home.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Miss Ruth Voorhees of Olean is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush. Miss Voorhees has been taking up theatrical work and it is said she is doing nicely. She is very clever in her songs and dances and is expected to appear on the local stage in the near future.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

A GREAT SALE
of
YOUNG MEN'S AND BOYS
SUITS

is scheduled here for the next 10 days. Don't miss it—THE VALUES ARE SO EXTRAORDINARY, that more than half of the Suits should be disposed of this week. You need not be a Clothing Expert to know—after examination—that this is an exceptional

SUIT BARGAIN.

The real value of these suits are from $7.50 to $13.50, but we "clean 'em out at $2.50, $3.50 & $5 a suit.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2 — McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

MONARCH SHIRTS.

We are making a window display this week of the latest fashion ideas in furnishings for men. Your particular attention is directed to our line of Monarch and Cluett Shirts for Summer. Never before have we been able to show such big values in Dollar, Dollar fifty and Two Dollar Shirts as we offer to-day. This, if you are a wearer of Monarch Shirts, is a statement sufficient in itself to bring you to this store to replenish your stock. Monarch Shirts are the equal in cut, fit, workmanship and material of the best custom made article and sell at half the price. A trial will convince you. Then there's the coat cut which will you will find most highly perfected in the Monarch and Cluett make.

Monarch [illegible] and Madras, attached cuffs and detached [illegible] $1.00

Cluett [illegible], Madras and Flannels, attached cuffs, coat [illegible] collar and cuff and negligee [illegible] 1.50 & $2.

Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Suspenders, Arrow Brand Collars, Etc.

A LINOLEUM BARGAIN.

Mill Ends of first quality inlaid Linoleums, 2 yds. wide. Lengths [illegible] values [illegible] Special [illegible] yard 85c

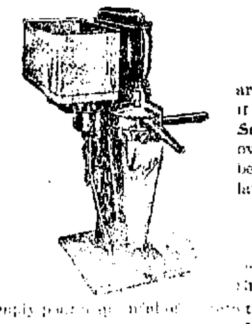
FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.



CHUCK THE OIL CAN.

Nothing is dirtier than dripping oil. Ordinary cream separators use oil only once, then let it drop away. **But Sharples Tubular Cream Separators are different**—they use the same oil over and over and **don't drip a drop.** If you have been using an oil can chuck it and get a Tubular, for

TUBULARS DON'T NEED IT

Tubular gears and bearings are wholly enclosed [illegible] self oiling [illegible] small **hole on** the Dairy Tubular. [illegible] Dairy Tubular, simply pour a [illegible] of [illegible] gear case once or twice a week that's **all.** Gears and [illegible] thrown up by the revolving gears. **Perfect oiling** is only one of many Tubular advantages.

J. W. WAITE, **Smethport, Pa.**



Easter Opening.
SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd.

On account of my increase of business have enlarged my store and wish to solicit inspection of the latest novelties in spring goods.

Full Line of Vantine's Toilet Articles.

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants for Easter

MRS. MARY L. BISETT.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiuing fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c
U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.
BELLE MEAD SWEETS
BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH **CHOCOLATES**

McCoy's Drug Store
Next to Postoffice.

Kindness of the Company.

By TRAY ALLISON.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

The telephone bell rang, and the local manager of the Possible Accident Insurance company put the receiver to his ear with one hand and stifled a yawn with the other.

"Yes, yes," he answered, then suddenly on the alert at the reply, "railroad accident five miles east of Syracuse? Has our policy in her pocket? In dangerous condition? Unconscious, you say? All right! I will look up policy 9834 immediately and communicate with friends."

He suddenly remembered that it was the luncheon hour, and for the moment the force consisted of only himself and the office boy.

"Come here, Tim," he called to the other visible representative. "Hold down this desk and the telephone while I hunt a policy."

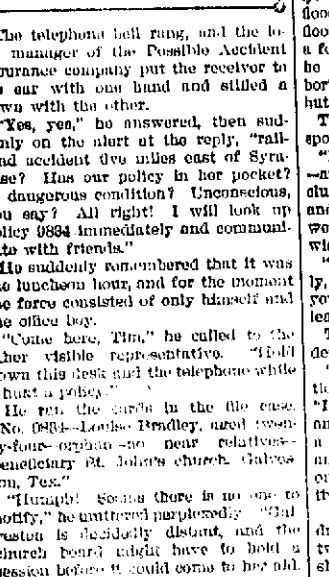
He ran the cards in the file case. "No. 9834—Louise Bradley, aged twenty-four—orphan—no near relatives—beneficiary St. John's church, Galveston, Tex."

"Humph! Seems there is no one to notify," he muttered perplexedly. "Galveston is decidedly distant, and the church board might have to hold a session before it could come to her aid. Seems queer for a girl of twenty-four to have no relatives at all—got mixed up with the Galveston flood, I suppose."

He gazed at the card abstractedly, wondering the best course to pursue, for the company was supposed to be able to cope with anything unexpected that might arise. If there were no relatives to notify, it could at least see that she had proper medical attention.

"I'll go myself—too much indolence is boring me to death—first accident we've recorded today." And an hour later Richard Hartleigh, representing the Possible Accident Insurance company, boarded a train that would put him into Syracuse in two hours.

When he reached the improvised hospital, a farmhouse whose doors had



"DICK, YOU'LL STAY," SHE BEGGED.

been thrown open to the sufferers, the doctor in charge took him to Louise Bradley.

"I'm afraid this will be the worst case," he said. "Seems like concussion of the brain. We'll see that everything possible is done for her."

Hartleigh looked pityingly at the slim slip of a girl, her head bandaged and her face flushed with fever. "She's an orphan—no relatives—poor little thing." And he touched her hand gently.

The girl's fingers clasped his, and she opened her eyes unexpectedly.

"Dick, you'll stay," she begged breathlessly—"you'll not leave me alone?"

Richard Hartleigh sat down by the bed and humored her feverish fancy. "Yes, Louise, yes, little girl. I'll stay," he said soothingly.

It was not until the doctor and the trained nurse arrived from town an hour later that he unclasped his fingers gently and left her.

He walked up and down the meadow path smoking quietly.

"I wonder," he exclaimed finally, "who in thunder Dick is?"

A month later he went down in his automobile to take her for her first outing since the accident.

"The doctor says you are doing finely." He tucked a robe around her feet and put an extra cushion for her back. "Honestly, this accident policy business is fascinating," he jumped in beside her and started the machine.

"I had no idea an insurance company did so much for people," she laughed. "It has paid doctor's bills, sent flowers and fruit and come down twice a week to see how the policy holder was getting on—and lots of things."

Hartleigh chuckled rather sheepishly. "The flowers and fruit were little extra touches thrown in," he conceded.

When he came the next week, he found her strong enough to ramble down the meadow path with him, and they finally sat on the fallen log by the creek to rest.

"I must leave here next week," she said somewhat regretfully. "I teach school, and school opens the 1st of September."

"Couldn't you wait until you are quite well—really strong?" he urged.

"The accident insurance will not last forever," she reminded. "I don't see how you were able to make it cover so many things, anyway."

He gazed at the waters of the little creek flowing hypnotically before him.

"Who's Dick?" he finally asked abruptly.

She turned her face away.

"Dick was my brother," she said softly. "He was drowned in the Galveston flood. We were together on the second floor of our house. The first floor was a foot deep in water. He insisted that he would swim to the nearest neighbor's for help. I begged him not to go, but he went and was drowned."

They sat in silence until Hartleigh spoke.

"Louise—my own people call me Dick—and the first time I saw you—you clung to my fingers and called me Dick and begged me not to leave you. You were not conscious then, but I've been wishing that you would do it again."

"I was half conscious," she said slowly, "and I have a dim recollection of your promising that you would not leave!"

The manager of the Possible Accident company positively beamed.

"Our company fulfills all its obligations," he said, taking her in his arms. "In addition to the doctor and nurse and flowers, we'll throw in a home and a husband and even a mother-in-law and a few cousins. We are good to all our patrons, but we even furnish relatives when the beneficiary needs them."

She seemed to find the way he had drawn her head against his rough tweed shoulder most comforting, for she smiled up into his face contentedly.

"And we'll frame policy No. 9834 and hang it in the house the company provides," she said softly.

"You bet we will!" shouted the manager of the company.

Literary Crimes.

The lady story writer towered in the doorway.

"Perhaps you take me for a writer of patent medicine advertising?" she sarcastically remarked to the startled editor.

"I think not, madam," he managed to reply. "What seems to be the difficulty?"

"Then you have not noticed it?" she said.

He shook his uncombed locks.

"Listen!" she said as she flung a glance of disdain at him. "The atrocity occurs in the chapter of my story where the English heiress discovers the perfidy of her spendthrift French husband. This is the particular sentence: 'She paled with indignation and, stooping suddenly, took a bill from the oblong box before her.'"

"Yes?" said the editor. "Was there an error in the printed copy?"

"Error!" shrieked the authoress. "There were two of them! They were worse than errors—they are crimes! Listen! For 'indignation' you substituted 'indigestion,' and in place of 'bill' you printed 'pill!'"

And she gurgled in her throat as she swept out.—Kansas City Independent.

Using One's Eyes.

A man who had recently been in Europe was entertaining his friends with stories about Paris and in the course of his talk mentioned several places which were unknown to his listeners, although they had all frequently visited the French capital. "People go through the world with their eyes shut," was the story teller's comment. A quiet little man in the party then said that even the most observing people did not always see and, addressing the traveler, said:

"You ride in subway trains twice a day. Can you tell me what is printed on them?"

"No."

"You look at your watch many times every day. Can you tell me is the six on its face a Roman or an Arabic figure?"

"Why, Roman, of course."

And he looked and found that there was no six on his watch dial.

"All of which demonstrates," said the little man, "that the most observing do not always see."—New York Tribune.

Bar of Music Versus Bar of Soap.

The leader of the orchestra at a Cleveland theater was visited by a seedy looking individual who asked for employment as a violinist.

"We'll see what you can do," said the leader. "Here is a violin. I will accompany you on the piano."

The seedy looking person took his seat beside the leader, and the two began the duet the latter had selected.

After the first few bars had been played the caller rasped his bow across the strings, stopped, leaned forward, looked at the composition and shook his head. "Sharps?" he said. "Sharps? I never play in sharps!"

Whereupon the leader took from him the violin, which he replaced in its case, remarking:

"My friend, what you need is a job as a night watchman in a soap factory."

"Will you get it for me?" eagerly asked the caller.

Retaliation.

An old lady once had a cat of which she was very fond. One day she missed her pet, and on making inquiries she heard that a neighbor had killed it. After a little meditation she hit upon a way to avenge herself. She bought some mousetraps and, having caught about fifty mice alive, put them into a large box, which she took to the unsuspecting neighbor. He, thinking it was quite safe, took it in. When he opened it he was horrified to see a swarm of mice scatter in every direction, while at the bottom of the box he found a note containing these words: "You killed my cat, and now I have the pleasure of sending you a few of my mice."—London Tit-Bits.

A Telltale Nail.

Dr. John Donne, the famous English divine and poet, who lived in the reign of James I., was a veritable Sherlock Holmes in point of mind.

He was walking in the churchyard while a grave was being dug when the sexton cast up a nondescript skull. The doctor idly took it up, and in handling it, found a headless nail driven into it. This he managed to take out and conceal in his handkerchief. It was evident to him that murder had been done. He questioned the sexton and learned that the skull was probably that of a certain man who was the proprietor of a brandy shop and was a drunkard, being found dead in bed one morning after a night in which he had drunk two quarts of brandy.

"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"What character does she bear?"

"She bore a very good character, only the neighbors gossiped because she married the day after her husband's funeral. She still lives here."

The doctor soon called on the woman. He asked for and received the particulars of the death of her first husband. Suddenly opening his handkerchief, he showed her the telltale nail, asking in a loud voice:

"Madam, do you know this nail?"

The woman was so surprised that she confessed and was tried and executed.

Night Window Shopping.

"I used to think the money spent for light in show windows from closing time till morning was wasted," said a Fifth avenue merchant, "but I have changed my mind about it, and now I keep my windows lighted until 3 a. m. every night but Sunday. I took the trouble to make some investigations as to the value of shop windows before I changed my method. I found that in daytime, when the streets are filled, no one has time for more than a glance at the displays. But at night, and particularly late at night, while there are fewer people out, they are not in a hurry and many of them stop to examine critically the goods shown. I have frequently seen men and women, too, who were window shopping before my place at night inside buying the things the next day. Many people in New York keep themselves posted on fashions and on what is to be had in the stores by 'window shopping.'"—New York Sun.

Man and the Horse.

Men are apt to say severe things of the absurdities to which many women will submit at the behest of fashion, but, really, they are every bit as bad. A good horse has a naturally arched neck, an inferior one has not. But the owner of the latter must pretend that his sorry steed is blessed with blood, and to effect the deceit he slops on a monstrous bearing rein and defies public opinion. A London carman, who is in many things a bit of a brute, will ease his horse when going up hill by removing the reins which keep its head up, but whoever saw the same kindness extended to a horse drawing a brougham? The same slavish following of fashion marks the attention to the horse's tail. The thoroughbred has his three-quarter length bush, so have the matched pair for the brougham, but what man would drive a cob which had a tail bigger than a half expanded fan?—St. James' Gazette.

Wood Burners In Paris.

Despite all modern improvements, Paris still heats its offices and its houses to a large extent with wood. Its bakers and confectioners use hardly anything else for fuel. It burns up whole forests of timber every year, and extensive forests in several regions of France are reserved for supplying it with fuel. Coal is scarce in France and dear and not of very good quality. Besides, the Parisians are conservative in home matters. The cheery appearance of the glowing log on the hearth appeals to them, and most likely generations will pass before they give up burning wood altogether.—Philadelphia North American.

Prepared For Temptation.

Little Tommy had been forbidden to swim in the river, owing to the danger. One day he came home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water. His mother scolded him severely. "But I was tempted so badly, mother," said Tommy. "That's all very well, but how'd you come to have your bathing suit with you?" Tommy paused and then said, "Well, mother, I took my bathing suit along thinking I might be tempted."—Dundee Advertiser.

India Dialects.

India has hundreds of dialects, which may all be classed under three great heads—the Sanscrit, Pracrit and Magadhi. The Sanscrit is the fundamental language and that of the Vedas, the Pracrit the vernacular language in many dialects and the Magadhi or Misra is that of Ceylon and the islands.

An Advocate of Credit.

"The way to get on," said the business man, "is to conduct your operations on a cash basis."

"Not in politics," answered Senator Sorghum. "Promises are just as effectual as cash and not nearly so dangerous."—Washington Star.

Was It Fresh?

An Indiana woman, as she examined the fowl brought from the market, said to her little son, "Did the grocer tell you this turkey was quite fresh?"

"No'm," the boy answered; "he just said to hurry home with it as fast as I could."

General ideas and great conceit are always in a fair way to cause terrible mischief.—Goethe.

There are many kidney remedies but few that accomplish the result. "Pinenles" is a kidney remedy that contains no alcohol or opiates of any kind, complies with the National Pure Food and Drugs Law, guaranted to give satisfaction. Thirty day treatment for $1.00. Inquire about "Pinenles." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Dethronement of Douglas.

By JANE INGRAHAM.

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Harriet Winthrop belonged to the class of girls who bow to physical strength in the opposite sex. Frail almost dowerlike in her beauty, the sort of girl who had been protected and served all her life, she yet decorated her tiny morning room with etchings and small statuettes of classic heroes famed for their physical prowess, and she could sit through a veritable blizzard to watch a football match and shout herself hoarse for Ted's college team.

Ted was her brother, and he said that somewhere in Harriet's makeup was a strain from the blood of an ancestral belle who had cheered on her hero in the old tournament days, for the Winthrops could trace their lineage to the tournament days and further, and, even though Mr. Winthrop had lost a large slice of the old family fortune through ill advised investments, they maintained their social standing, lived in rather severe but elegant fashion and held fast to every tradition, including the firm belief that no lady rides in a street car or other public conveyance. She may walk abroad or exercise only, but when calling or shopping the plain, rather old fashioned brougham of the depleted Winthrop stables was brought into service.

That was why when many other girls with more money to spend on shopping tripped merrily up and down the great retail thoroughfare Harriet Winthrop chafed in the Winthrop brougham, caught in a blockade of snarling motormen, sharp faced chauffeurs and obstinate cabbies. The brougham swung to one side, the wheels grating the curb, and Harriet leaned forward to see how close they were to the shop whereon could be found a certain piece of silvery blue gauze marked down to post holiday prices. Then, with a gasp and a shudder, she leaned back in the carriage and closed her eyes. She had forgotten the silvery gauze, the shop, the jam of vehicles—everything save the tall, square shouldered figure of a man, whose entire attention seemed to be centered on the tint of pancakes he was turning in the window of a white front restaurant.

The brougham moved forward a few inches, then several feet. Very soon it would be out of range, so Harriet took one more glimpse at the window to make sure that her eyes had not deceived her. No, it was he, and this time he was actually handing the white aproned waitress a plate piled high with golden brown cakes.

What was Jerry Douglas doing in that window, and how could he bestow upon the white aproned girl precisely the same frank, cordial smile with which he had greeted Harriet at that last dance, after Teddy's team had won through Douglas' clever coaching? She bought half a yard more gauze than she needed and went home firmly convinced that Jerry Douglas had been cooking cakes to pay a wager. That night she went to a dance where many mutual friends gathered, but no one seemed to have heard of the escapade, and she was too proud to make inquiries. The next day she went back to the shop so close to the restaurant. A bit of pale blue velvet ribbon would set off that silver gauze, but she decided that, after all, she did not care whether the silver gauze was developed into a creation or not. Nothing mattered save that her idol had crumbled at her very feet or, more properly speaking, within a few feet of the wheels of her brougham, for there again was Jerry Douglas, turning what she thought must be very fat and indigestible fried biscuits.

So it was not an election wager or anything of that sort. Ah, she knew! He had gone in for sociology. He was studying the condition of the working classes. Next thing he would be living in one of those dreadful settlement houses, holding club meetings for ragamuffins and poor factory girls and writing silly things for magazines—this man whom she had watched with baited breath on the football field, whom she had pictured as sallying forth to pit his magnificent strength, physical and mental, against the magnates of the commercial and financial world.

Cooking cakes in a restaurant window!

Harriet Winthrop walked with firm, deliberate step to her desk and took down from the wall above it a picture showing a group of lusty young men in football attire and also a certain individual picture of a young man with a finely formed head and broad, square shoulders. She thrust the two behind some boxes on the top shelf of her clothespress and then sat down for a good cry.

Of course she might have found out what it all meant if Teddy had been home, but Teddy, after leaving college, had gone to Paris to follow up his studies in naval architecture. Anyhow it did not matter. Of course it had been only a girlish fancy, and then Jerry Douglas has acted rather strangely since he went back to his Virginia home—a few casual notes, no references to his future career, in which she had betrayed an interest, which she now felt was presumption and unmaidenly, and so she cried some more.

And just after she had worked herself into a fine nervous state, from which she would issue forth pallid and forlorn, a messenger brought her a most amazing note. It was from Jerry Douglas, and it calmly invited Miss Winthrop to attend a little supper he was giving at the Empire restaurant in honor of his promotion. It would be served on the upper floor of the restaurant at Thursday midnight, after the rush was over, and would she please come, because Mrs. Ned Landers had agreed to act as chaperon and every one knew that Mrs. Ned was a host in herself.

Here was a perfectly legitimate avenue of inquiry which even the Winthrop pride might not hesitate to follow, so she bathed her eyes, summoned the Winthrop brougham and drove to Mrs. Ned Landers' smart studio apartment. Of course she could not accept the invitation, and she would not decline without making inquiries.

Mrs. Landers, shrewdly reading from the white, tired face that something had gone amiss, made tea directly, and Harriet sipped it appreciatively.

"You know, mother is a bit old fashioned"—

"She even disapproved of studio teas instead of houses?" inquired Mrs. Landers, with dancing eyes.

"She thinks you are the most awful dear and wonderful woman in the world, but a restaurant supper. I mean that particular sort of restaurant."

"I understand, and I am just dying with the secret. I've been aching to tell every one for weeks, but Jerry Douglas made me promise and swear no. My dear, he is a boy the sort you don't often find in this day of spoiled millionaires and overfawning parasites. When he left his college course and started to read law with an old friend of his father's down in Virginia he made what was to him an awful discovery. His inheritance had paid only his bare expenses at college. All the little pleasures, accessories, the social end of the game, his mother had made by her own handiwork. She had been doing exquisite embroidery for a woman's exchange and a New York department store to keep him at college as his father and grandfather had been kept before him.

"His first feeling, being a Virginia man of chivalric pride, was deep humiliation. I am afraid he was a bit hard on the little mother for daring to do such a thing. Then he turned his back on the law and came north, going straight to the father of a youngster he had known at college, the sort who roll in wealth made in a single generation. The boy's father has all sorts of commercial interests, including the Empire chain of quick lunch counters, and he promptly offered Jerry the chance to act as cashier in one of those dreadful lunch rooms."

Harriet was leaning forward, drinking in every word oblivious to the fact that Mrs. Ned was studying her face with matronly amusement.

"Well, this particular lunch room was in a badly disorganized state, and Jerry not only made changes, but he fired the cook, who had been making trouble, and cooked himself until he could get a decent man. He stopped quarreling among the waitresses and now he is going to Mexico for the man who was just trying him out in a lunch room, and, what is more, he is going on a most ticklish and important mission."

Harriet leaned back with a sigh that might have meant reaction or something deeper.

"And so he has asked just six of us to have that little supper, for which he agrees to cook all sorts of things, from pancakes to something he calls butter cakes. Anyhow, it can't be worse for our digestion than some of the Newburg messes our friend makes in chafing dishes. Will you go?"

Harriet rose instantly.

"If you won't think me abrupt, I'm going home this minute to telephone my acceptance."

Wise Mrs. Ned did not suggest that in her hallway was a telephone instrument, which Harriet had oftimes used, and the girl went her way. Later as she hung up the telephone receiver in the Winthrop library her eyes seemed to shine like diamonds, and a soft flush mounted to her pale gold hair. And from the library she went straight to her own room, climbed up to a clothespress shelf and lugged forth two photographs. Then, with her chin resting in the palms of her hands, she sat down, studying them with eyes that still shone with the light that once must have brightened the face of the ancestral belle at the tournament.

Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil. A dilatory man wrestles with horses.—Hesiod.

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Lieutenant-Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor-General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

SENATE AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinglehouse.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. F. Hazlett, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy R. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Hon. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. B. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Orlatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—R. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hyde, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Stone.
Council—J. F. Young, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Avery, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, L. L. Cartwright, E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, L. C. Gleason.
Constable—L. W. Jones.
Clerk Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—A. L. Young, president; F. G. Dunlap, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John H. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessors—L. Wagner.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, R. B. Tull, W. R. Stone.
Judge of Election—H. F. Brodereson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. E. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

S. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keine Hall.

J. C. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel-Pro. Sup't.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of E.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:00 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Madeline's Last Moving Day.

By HARRIET NORTON.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Madeline, I see those Bulgravia apartments will be ready for occupancy April 1. I wish you'd stop off there on your way home tomorrow."

Mr. Stanhope lowered his paper and glanced first despairingly at Madeline, then half supplicatingly at his wife.

"My dear, I don't believe we can improve on this apartment. I'm sure we have room enough."

"But the landlord was here today and said he would not repaper, and that horrid stain in Fred's room"—

"Well, that is not the landlord's fault. The servant upstairs admits she left the water running. I'll have the ceiling calcimined."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! This janitor is perfectly overbearing anyhow, and when I complained about Mrs. Brant's dog running up and down the hall he said there was nothing in the leases against keeping a dog. Just as if there wasn't a law against maintaining a nuisance! Anyhow, I think Fred ought to have a larger room, and we can fit it up as a den, and Madeline ought to have the north light for her work."

Madeline broke in earnestly:

"Oh, mother, dear, I do so little here at home now that my room does very well indeed."

"Well, I heard that those Bulgravia apartments had a butler's pantry and—Anyhow, you stop off and see them."

No one answered. Mr. Stanhope sat staring with his unseeing eyes at an article in the evening paper on the proper preparation of food for infants, but before his mental vision passed a succession of moving vans, furniture that needed revarnishing, pictures that had to be reglazed.

Madeline, on her part, focused her mental vision on a succession of days lost, illustrations unfinished, while she restored order in the new home, long hours devoted to packing and unpacking her fragile personal belongings. As for Fred, he tiptoed out of the library and down the hall to where patient Norah was standing over her dishwashing.

"Say, Norah, mother's for the moving bee in her bonnet again. But we're out of this house by April 1."

Norah dropped her tea towel in wide eyed dismay.

"Sure, an' a sunshinier kitchen I niver worked in. Ol've a good moind to give me notice."

Madeline's girlhood had been spent in a pretty suburb half an hour's ride from the bustling city, but Mrs. Stanhope had wearied of the ubiquitous servant girl question that stalks at the heels of every suburban housewife. In town even if they had no maid they could at least eat at a nearby restaurant. Besides, she wanted Madeline to be something more than a household drudge. There were business openings in town for a bright girl, but Madeline was not strong enough to commute.

After all, it was Madeline who not only secured a position in a fashion design studio, but who went to intelligence offices for help and haunted real estate offices for desirable apartments. For four years Mrs. Stanhope had seemed absolutely obsessed by the desire to occupy new and more desirable quarters. Each spring they had moved until the pretty new furniture with which Mrs. Stanhope had started her city career as a housewife looked far less presentable than the old fashioned stuff they had sold at the auction before leaving Crafton Heights. All her ambitions seemed to center on showing off the new apartments to her women friends and assuring them she had secured a bargain which should make them turn green with envy.

The next morning Madeline and her father left the house together.

"Do you think it is becoming a mania?" he asked anxiously.

"No; she has nothing else to do. I wish sometimes"—

Madeline stopped and looked down the long stretch of asphalt pavement. Her father supplied the words.

"That we were back in Crafton Heights, where she had roses to train and the neighbors' chickens to shoo off our lawn. Seems as if all city women are restless."

"Yes; I guess it's in the air. I felt as though I must be doing something big, getting somewhere, for awhile after we moved to town, but now"—

They separated at the corner.

"I hope those Bulgravia apartments will all be on a court, with no closets and an exorbitant rent."

"No such luck," responded Madeline, with a forced smile. "They'll be very modern and all desirable, and if you are a dear, sensible father you'll have a business call to Chicago about April 1. It will be over when you come back."

Brave as were her words, Madeline's eyes turned grave as soon as her father turned away. And all day the thought of her mother's restless spirit, the inevitable moving, the noise, the discomfort, burned in on her heart and soul until she could hardly work. Finally she flung aside her pen and asked to be excused for the afternoon. She might as well get it over with, so she boarded the car which passed the Bulgravia. The new apartments were considerably farther out than she had anticipated, and as one passenger after another dropped off and the soft spring air crept into the car a sudden desire to see Crafton Heights with its suburban restfulness took possession of her.

"B. and A. depot!" bawled the conductor.

Madeline sprang to her feet. The Bulgravia apartments were half a mile beyond, but this was the last station of the B. and A. inside the city limits. And the B. and A. led to Crafton Heights!

She left the train and gazed around in surprise. The depot building was entirely new, a pretty brick and tile affair, with trim flower beds all laid out for spring planting. She crossed the tracks and followed the street leading to their old home, but was amazed to find that the trees, mere striplings when they left, now intertwined their branches over the sidewalk. An air of permanency and restfulness seemed to envelop the community. Progress was there, but not half finished buildings, torn pavements and moving vans. How the ivy had grown over the Barden gateway! In front of her own old home she stopped and almost rubbed her eyes. Had it really been that pretty?

No; there was a new porch on the south side, and a bay window had been thrown out from her room. What a lovely room it must be, with that flood of light pouring into it!

"I wonder if they'd care"—

With firmly set lips she threw hesitation to the winds, opened the low iron gate and walked up the well kept path to the front door.

"I beg pardon," she said as a white haired lady opened the door, and then she stopped, and her face turned first scarlet, then white. "Oh, Mrs. Carruth, I did not know you had bought the place. I just thought"—

A gently insistent hand drew her inside the door and led her into the sitting room. Madeline leaned against the door jamb, staring around her. It was just as they had left it.

"Why," I thought everything was sold."

"Yes, but somehow Henry traced nearly all of the things, and what he could not buy he somehow managed to duplicate at secondhand shops. Henry always did think your mother's house was the finest in Crafton Heights, and before he was doing so well he used to tell me that he meant some day to earn a house just like it for me."

Madeline felt the room spinning around her. There were other things Henry Carruth had tried to tell her more than once, but he had been a poor, struggling lawyer and she a well paid illustrator even then. She had talked of a trip to Paris, a career—and where had it all gone? Lost in wanderings through a desert of apartment houses, studios, teas and luncheons. But Henry had realized his ambition or part of it at least. Perhaps now he did not care so much about the rest.

She never knew just how it happened, but Mrs. Carruth had soon taken away her wraps, and then, after a comforting cup of tea, she had led her guest over the old house. The bay window had made a great improvement in Madeline's quarters; otherwise they were quite the same, with even some of her first drawings framed and hung above her old fashioned desk.

Downstairs once more, she gathered up her wraps and was drawing on her gloves when Mrs. Carruth excused herself to look after some dinner details. Madeline stood by the window looking at the arbor over which wisteria now clung like a loving, harmless old octopus. She reached out one hand and felt lovingly of the old fashioned damask hangings. A step sounded behind her, and without turning around she remarked, with something of a choke in her voice:

"Mrs. Carruth, I never knew before the bitterness of that old saying, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss—not even pleasant memories.'"

A hand rested appealingly on her shoulder. She looked up to meet Henry Carruth's grave glance.

"I know of a cozy corner just meant for tired rolling stones. Will you come, Madeline?"

* * * * * * * *

It was midnight when he came back from town, but Mrs. Carruth was waiting for him.

"I told her we must be married before the 1st. Mrs. Stanhope wanted it in the new parlor because the Bulgravia has a bay window that would be fine for a wedding bell, but I don't propose that Madeline shall endure another moving day."

"And the sweetest part of it all was that she never blamed her mother for all those disturbing years—just acted as if she herself were to blame for a foolish ambition for a career. That is true loyalty, and it makes me all the more willing to trust my boy to her care."

And Mrs. Carruth turned to find her son by the window, his rugged face pressed against the old damask hanging where he had found his first and only love that afternoon.

Where Sentiment Clings.

"There is a lot of sentiment in New York," said a renting agent. "Some of our tenants find it in chunks, and then they come and tell us about it. It is usually centered in some room in a boarding or furnished room house on our list. You wouldn't think there would be much romance attached to a place of that kind, yet that is where the spirit of sentiment most frequently manifests itself. Some people, mostly women, of course, come back year after year and ask to be allowed to see certain rooms in certain houses. Great events in their lives apparently took place there. Maybe somebody was born there, maybe somebody died, or it might have been some other tragedy or some other joy. Anyhow to those persons those particular rooms are hallowed spots, and on certain dates, anniversaries probably, they make a pilgrimage there. Sometimes the tenant, if a newcomer, suspects thieves and refuses permission to enter, but, as a rule, the most stony hearted yields to the spirit of romance and the visitor is allowed to weep and mourn to her heart's content."—New York Press.

HAMPTON COURT.

Stories of the Haunted English Royal Palace.

Tales of uncanny happenings cling to old Hampton court, the English royal palace on the Thames built by Cardinal Wolsey. Not long ago a policeman asserted that he saw a ghostly funeral procession there. The London Chronicle remarks: "The most definite of these old stories concerns Mistress Sibell Penn, who was Edward VI.'s nurse and died at the palace in 1562. She was buried in Hampton church, and a monument was erected which was irreverently destroyed when the old church was pulled down in 1829. Soon after this strange noises as of a woman working a spinning wheel were heard through the wall of one of the rooms in the southwest wing of the palace. When search was made by the office of works an ancient chamber was discovered in which an antique spinning wheel was found, the old oak planks being worn away where its treadle struck the floor. After this Mrs. Penn's ghost is said to have appeared to many occupants of the palace; but, according to Law, the historian of Hampton court, she has not been seen since 1883, when her tall, gaunt form, dressed in a long gray robe, nearly frightened a young soldier to death.

"Another well accredited story relates how a certain lady of title who lived on the west side of the Fountain court in 1870 was frequently conscious of the presence in her room of two invisible beings, and she was greatly disturbed by the mysterious sounds that emanated from various quarters of her apartments. She addressed a formal complaint to the lord chamberlain. This gentleman referred her to the office of works, which, however, declined to interfere on the ground that there were no funds at their disposal for any such purpose and that the jurisdiction of the first commissioner did not extend to the spirit world.

"At last, however, on Nov. 2, 1871, some workmen, while excavating in the cloister of the Fountain court, came upon two perfect skeletons of full grown men opposite to Lady ——'s door. They were given Christian burial in Hampton church, and the mysterious noises immediately ceased. Now the only ghost that is seen in the palace is that of Jane Seymour, queen of Henry VIII., which, some residents say, still occasionally wanders, with a lighted taper in her hand, in the neighborhood of Silver Stick gallery."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A reasonable probability is the only certainty.

Every man makes a good husband for awhile.

The clothes don't make a professional nurse by a long shot.

Occasionally imposition travels around under the garb of friendship.

When a man says money will do anything, that settles it; he hasn't any.

The boy who plays truant from school never has as much fun as he anticipated.

Every day a man submits to some injustice he vowed yesterday he would never stand.

About the toughest thing that can happen to a man is to go contrary to his wife's judgment and then make a failure.—Atchison Globe.

Nervous New Yorkers.

"If anybody needs to be convinced that New Yorkers are a nervous lot, just let him peep under dining room tables at mealtime and see the position of the feet and he will have all the proof he wants," remarked the proprietor of a popular restaurant. "Not one person in a hundred sits with his feet planted squarely on the floor while eating. Some twist their feet around the legs of tables and chairs, some sit with them crossed, others rest the feet on the tips of the toes, while still others bear their whole weight down on the heel. Since it is only the flatly planted foot that indicates an equable temperament, it is easy to see what a nervous, irresponsible crowd the army of diners out really is."—New York Post.

Her Sorrow.

Young Widow (tearfully)—Yes, I loved my husband, but I cannot stand this cheerless life, and I must marry again.

Friend—You are in comfortable circumstances, with plenty of servants and—

Young Widow—Servants! Yes, that's it, my friend. I can't go on keeping house and squabbling with servants without a husband to tell all my troubles to.—London Telegraph.

Walrus and Bullets.

The most vulnerable spot in which to hit a walrus is the back part of the skull. The forehead, being several inches thick in bone, almost invariably turns bullets even if solid ones are used in a big rifle, as should always be done. Besides the head, with the exception of the heart, there is hardly a vital spot in these huge brutes' bodies, and bullets may be fired ad libitum into these masses of flesh and blubber without seeming to have much effect.

A Change.

"John," said Mrs. Spenders, "I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about."

"Glad to hear it," snapped her husband, "usually you want to talk to me about lots of things that you haven't got."—Exchange.

An Interested Couple.

If there is anything in this world more anxious than the look on the face of a bachelor who has been beguiled into holding the baby, it is the look on the face of the baby's mother eagerly watching him as he does it.—Clipa.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

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Drifting Into Matrimony.

By Elizabeth Taggart.

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"We'll soon have mutiny fore and aft," declared Donald Frazer as he glanced down from the bridge. "Half of them are not speaking now, and I'm pretty certain that Betty has broken her engagement to Halcomb."

"I could stand everything except the loss," said Dicky Rich plaintively. "I haven't had a highball in four days. Don't they fix the shaft?"

"MacPherson is working on it, but there's small chance," said Frazer. "I guess we'll just have to drift until a breeze or a steamer comes."

"It's too bad," said Rich sympathetically. "This trip was to mean so much to you."

Rich slipped down the ladder, and Frazer moved over toward the man at the wheel.

Rich was right. The trip had meant much to him. He had planned the cruise to bring his niece, Betty Holcombe, and Ralph Halgren together. Betty was his sister's child and ever



"HERE, SHIP!" SHE CALLED. "COME, SHIP! NICE SHIP!"

since her mother's death had been his pet. Brilliant Geraldine Frazer would have nothing to do with his matchmaking. It had been all he could accomplish to induce her to embark on the yacht while the season was on.

Betty had announced her engagement to Ralph and things were as merry as a marriage bell when the shaft of the Ventura had cracked. Sails had been resorted to, but had been blown away in the mild hurricane that had followed the accident, and now the yacht was drifting far out of the track of the coastwise and West Indian steamers.

There were provisions and water to last three months, but the party was badly planned, and already they were heartily sick of each other. Even the newly engaged couple had found the monotony irksome, and the girl in a flash of bad humor had handed back her ring and was too proud to ask for it again.

Frazer left the bridge and descended to his wife's cabin. Mrs. Frazer had taken to her berth at the first sign of trouble and was comfortably enjoying a novel and a fit of the nerves while her husband wrestled with the task of entertaining a dozen utterly uncongenial persons on board a crippled yacht with no immediate hope of rescue.

Mrs. Frazer looked up languidly from her book as Frazer entered. She received his inquiries as to her health with doleful air, and then Frazer sat down on the edge of the berth.

"Look here, Gerry," he said despondently. "Can't you get out of this and help me? The men are growing to hate each other, and I look to see the women pulling each other's hair any moment."

"Horrors, no!" gasped Mrs. Frazer. "My nerves are bad enough as they are."

Frazer rose to his feet. From long experience he knew the hopelessness of argument. He was just leaving the room when she called him back.

"Perhaps Miss Brockway can help you," she suggested. "She's a rather capable girl."

She resumed her book, and Frazer went in search of Clara Brockway. He wondered that he had not thought of her before. She was a sort of social secretary to his wife, and that she was tactful was evinced by the fact that she had been serving in that capacity for two years. He found her sitting well up forward, for it was not Mrs. Frazer's way to make an employee an equal.

Briefly Frazer sketched his troubles.

"The cruise will end up in a free fight," he said humorously, "unless you will serve as a peace commission."

"Let's have a minstrel show this evening," she suggested. "Don't let the women know and surprise them after dinner."

"Just the thing," cried Frazer as, with beaming face, he hurried off to round up the men. It was not a difficult matter, for they were all sitting gloomily apart, and presently they were gathered in the chart room and Clara was outlining her plans.

They worked so hard all the afternoon that they were positively cheerful when they went off to dress for dinner.

Improper action of the kidneys causes backache, lumbago, rheumatism. "Pineules" is kidney remedy that will relieve these diseases. Pleasant to take and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. "Relief in every dose." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Frazer glanced about the table, and the contrast between the men and the women, the latter with their airs of ennui, cheered him. Miss Brockway had worked half the cure. The rest would come after supper.

The minstrel show, held on the after deck, was a huge success, and the roars of laughter even brought Mrs. Frazer on deck. That was but the first of a series of entertainments that kept the passengers and crew alike busy. Clara was director of amusements, and sometimes it taxed her brain to develop new ideas, but something always turned up. A ghost party was one of her last resorts, and in the bright moonlight the white draped figures had a most spectral effect.

Long since she had been recognized as one of the party, and she looked particularly effective in her white wrappings. Dicky Rich was leaning beside her at the rail.

"I think you are more witch than ghost," he laughed. "You have certainly bewitched us. The day of the minstrel show I was carefully planning a murder just to offset the deadly dullness of the cruise."

"Minstrel shows are a more refined form of torture," she smiled. "Wish I were a witch. I might conjure us a ship."

"Try it," he urged. "Let's see if you are able to make a go of it."

She pointed a slender white arm over the water. "Here, ship!" she called. "Come, ship! Nice ship!"

In a steamer chair near by some one had left a pair of glasses. Dicky caught them up and looked out over the water. Then he made for the bridge, where the sailing master paced impatiently.

Clara, watching his strange movements wonderingly, started as a trail of light shot from the Ventura, and Dicky came dashing back.

"You did it!" he shouted. "You conjured it up! Look! There comes the answer."

A faint streak of fire marked the horizon, and the whole party crowded to the rail to watch, though they knew that it would be hours before the steamer could come up.

She was a Brazilian freighter and with a view of the salvage gladly undertook to leave her course and tow the Nassau. They came up to the harbor at night and lay till morning off the bar.

Dicky and Clara stood together watching the lights of the town and the brilliant illumination of the hotel.

"It has turned out a pleasant cruise, after all," he said. "I'm just a little bit sorry that you found the ship."

"So am I," she admitted. "It has been a sort of Cinderella time for me. Now I must get back to my duties as secretary and forget this pleasant time."

"I don't think any of us will forget it," he smiled. "I know Halgren is devoutly thankful to you. He and Miss Holcombe adjusted their dispute, you know. Then Frazer was lifted from the depths of despair, and all of us will have some cause to remember your merciful rule."

"It will be pleasant," she said, "to remember that I was of real service."

"I think you did me the greatest service," he said softly. "You showed me that even a confirmed bachelor can fall in love."

"Are congratulations in order?" she asked, smiling through the tears that glistened in the moonlight.

"That depends upon yourself," he answered, "for you are the woman I have learned to love."

"Don't you think you had better wait?" she urged. "It may be that it is merely owing to the way we have been thrown together on this cruise. Wait until you mingle with your own set again. They say that the hotel is still crowded."

"Wait!" he laughed. "It has been all I could do to wait this long. Is it yes, dear?"

She looked into his honest eyes, and what she saw there satisfied her. Her hand slipped within his.

"I think it is," she said softly, "though it seems too good to be true."

"That's just how I feel about it," he agreed, "only with a different meaning."

The Chaik Laundry.

The elderly man in evening dress had eaten his soup indiscreetly, and when he and his wife stood up to leave the restaurant she gave an exclamation of dismay at the condition of the lower part of his shirt bosom. He looked considerably abashed and, grabbing a napkin, began rubbing at the unsightly spots. Then the waiter butted in with his Swiss English:

"I feex zat in joust one segondo eef monsieur and madame will sit down."

He disappeared through the kitchen entry and in half a minute returned with a piece of chalk between his fingers—a plain, common, ordinary stick of chalk, such as the children use for blackboard work in school.

Then, stooping in front of the spotted diner, he went over his shirt front, carefully chalking every spot until, at least at long range, the linen looked immaculate. The lady rewarded him with a smile and the man with something that looked like a quarter.—New York Sun.

Honorable Youth.

"Here, you, sir!" cried the irate father. "How dare you show your face here again?"

"Well," replied young Nervey, "I might have worn a mask, of course, but that would have been deceitful."—Houston Post.

What Happens.

"When Greek meets Greek!" said the man who quotes.

"What happens then?"

"I don't remember exactly. I suppose it's time to get an interpreter."—Washington Star.

HIS TWO BOYS.

One the Hero, the Other the Black Sheep of the Family.

"Let's see," said the man who had been away a long time, "you had two boys, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Pat. "They would av been three av thim, but one was born a girl."

"I remember now. Tom and Andy you named them, after Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"As I remember Tom he was a very bright little fellow. I never knew so much about Andy?"

"Ah, but that Andy! He's the boy! He led the big lasso twist in battin', and now he's managin' a club in Missouri and has a contract for five years at a terrible big salary. Me and his ma can't get over how glad we never made Andy go to school, but let him play ball in all the corner lots of the neighborhood. And all the neighbors have his pitcher in their parlors. They are proud of him."

"That's fine. I am glad to hear that Andy is doing so well. But what about Tom? I always had an idea that he was going to turn out well."

"No; Tom ain't amountin' to much. He was more for wastin' his time goin' to college and that. He's only the chief lit'ry adviser or something like that for one of these concerns that prints books. But thin, you know, they say there's a black sheep in nearly every family."—Kansas City Independent.

A FISH'S TAIL.

The Wonderful Power It Develops In Its Strokes.

A fish's tail is its wings. Thanks to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its clearing form, a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon dead beat. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of great power, and by means of it and the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body, high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish or sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or boat. A fisherman told the writer he once had a rude proof of this power. He caught and, with aid, got into his boat a whale thresher. After lying still awhile as if spent or dying, the creature, on its captor approaching, suddenly lashed furiously up and down. The startled men and their captive between them nearly upset the boat. It was an experience they wish never to repeat. The slapping stroke of a helpless and lauded fish may be often a spasm and no more, but when a large and naturally aggressive fish—or mammal like this thresher—lashes on the enemy approaching, it does look like conscious fight.—George R. Dewar.

Two Apiece.

Bailie Craig, the magisterial authority of a small town in Scotland, had six stout sons, with whom he loved to parade the market place, says Dr. Kerr in his "Memories." They furnished him the basis of a mathematical joke.

"A fine family you have," strangers would often say. "Is this the whole of it?"

"No, indeed," the bailie would reply. "I have two sisters at home for each and every one of them."

"What!" the visitor would exclaim, rapidly counting the sons, "twelve daughters?"

"No, indeed. Just two."

Cromwell and Foolscap.

The triumph of Cromwell! What is foolscap? Everybody the world over recognizes that paper foolscap size means a standard measurement of thirteen inches by sixteen, yet how few can give the reason why. In England the paper mark was originally a crown, and when the commonwealth was set up Cromwell was approached as to what mark should be used in the future. He, with characteristic contempt for crowns, replied, "A fool's cap," and so it became and remained, for at the restoration the matter was overlooked until too late to act upon the ultimate discovery.—London Chronicle.

Dr. Parr's Sarcasm.

"Dr. Parr," said a young student to the celebrated linguist, "let's you and I write a book." "Very well," replied the doctor. "Put in it all that I know and all that you don't know and we'll make a big one."

Once to a voluble and vain young man who said in his presence, "I make it a point to believe nothing I cannot understand," Dr. Parr said, "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

Destiny of the Stuarts.

The figures "88" play a weird part in the rise and fall of the Stuarts. James III. was killed in flight near Bannockburn in 1488, Mary Stuart was beheaded in 1588, James II. of England was dethroned in 1688, Charles Edward died in 1788, and James Stuart, the "Old Pretender," was born in 1688, the very year that his father abdicated.

The Cards.

"Paw, can anybody tell fortunes by cards?"

"No, my son. Many a man who has thought he could has found by subsequent experience that he didn't hold the right cards."—Chicago Tribune.

Nowadays.

First American Child—Here I am ten years old, and my parents actually objected to my going to the matinee.

Second American Child—The truth is that parents nowadays are getting spoiled.—Life.

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Winston's Work

By HONORE WILLSIE.

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The sun was just rising behind the bluffs when Darrel strolled out on to the veranda of the bungalow. On the east shore the Mississippi was still dark and gray with night shadows, but toward the dim line of Minnesota the water was liquid crimson.

Darrel, a fine, strong figure in his bathing trunks, shivered as he paused to look at the familiar beauty of the great river. Then he took a breath that swelled his deep chest and plunged with great bounds down the bluff side to the river far beneath. When he returned, red and dripping, Jim, his darky factotum, was setting the breakfast table on the veranda, and in a short time Darrel was drinking his coffee and looking out at the tender spring green of the midstream islands.

It was for over a year now that he had piqued the curiosity of the "natives" by living alone on the bluff side. Two isolated facts, however, known to the gossips, accounted for all his eccentricities. Darrel was a writer and a New Yorker. They called him surly. They could not know that he was merely readjusting his lifelong theory of married happiness. They could not know that he was merely fighting to recover his old time buoyancy that had left him that spring morning when Elizabeth had told him that she was going to devote her life not to him, but to her "art."

Darrel sighed, then rose abruptly.

"Jim," he said, "Mr. Winston may come today, so you had better watch the bend sharply about noon."

"Yessah."

"And you may as well fix up the guest room this morning."

Jim looked around at the simple furnishings of the porch and living room critically. Jim had served Darrel's father and had privileges.

"Am Mr. Winston very particular, sah?"

Darrel smiled. "I don't know, Jim. The publishers are sending him out to get illustrations for my book. This



SHE SAT IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

will have to do." And he swung down the bluff side to the little pier where was tied a string of canoes and skiffs. He jumped into a canoe and was off down the river, with beautiful long strokes of the paddle that told of many hours spent on the water. In fact, it was from the hours spent on this river that Darrel's book had grown. He had written it in a fervor of enthusiasm over the wonders of the Mississippi, and the publishers had received it joyfully. Darrel had found a new field.

The noon train drew slowly up to the station platform, and Darrel turned away in disappointment. But one passenger alighted, and that was a woman. He glanced back once more to make sure that he was not mistaken. Then he halted. There was something very familiar about the slender, well dressed figure standing hesitatingly at the far end of the platform. Suddenly the girl moved toward him.

"Oh, Horace!" she cried.

"Yes, Elizabeth," he replied quietly as if they had not parted over a year ago.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" brightly. "And what are you going to do with me?"

"I don't know," said Darrel to both questions. "What brought you here, Elizabeth?"

The girl looked into his face, with her candid blue eyes full of wonder.

"Why, Horace, didn't they send you word that I was coming?"

"'They?' Who are 'they?'" Darrel's fingers were trembling a little.

"Mr. Tompkins, your publisher."

Darrel sat down heavily on a truck, then arose. "They wrote me that they were going to send Winston. You—you know my old prejudice, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth's beautiful mouth twitched, and her eyes twinkled. "You have always said that a woman could do only 'pretty' work; that she could put no strength into her sketches. Come, Horace; you are not very hospitable, are you?"

Darrel was himself again instantly. "You see, I could have put up Winston, but I am going to take you to Mrs. Brady, who will be glad to have a 'paying guest.'"

That afternoon Elizabeth sat in the canoe facing Darrel. In her lap was a sketch book. Darrel had said nothing more concerning feminine artistic ability. He was struggling with the old disappointment and with the old love that, as if the intervening years had been for nothing, had returned with redoubled force at the sight of Elizabeth's beauty. She was so dainty, so merry, so winsome, that Darrel had never been able to consider her for her art seriously. She was a thing to be adored and protected and slaved for. The toil of a profession was ridiculous considered with Elizabeth.

She sat looking at him in an inscrutable sort of way. "You must take me to the places you want sketched first, Horace, so that I won't get confused by seeing too much else."

They paddled slowly up to the foot of Gray Eagle. Darrel held the canoe against the current and looked up at the magnificent bluff side, whose great face was deep and cool with pines. The Mississippi bluffs were new to Elizabeth. She sat in silence for a moment, looking at the grandeur of river and shore. Then she began to sketch rapidly. All the brilliant spring afternoon they paddled about in silence for the most part. Elizabeth slipped her sketches as rapidly as they were finished into her portfolio, and Darrel did not ask to see them. He was grateful to Elizabeth that she did not rhapsodize over the scenery. Words were inadequate and idle here.

At last the girl, with a tired little sigh, slipped the last sketch into her portfolio. "Now, if you will come back to supper with me we will talk them over," she said.

They sat on Mrs. Brady's porch just before sunset, and Elizabeth laid one of her sketches in Darrel's hands. He gave a little start of surprise. How had she done it? The Mississippi, calm, swift and deep, in all its potency of motion; then for miles bluff after bluff, pushing into water, stern, forbidding, yet lovely; the tenderness of the blue sky, the softness of ragged clouds, the—

"Elizabeth," said Darrel, and his voice trembled a little, "I did not know that you could do this. This is better than Winston's best work."

Elizabeth looked anxiously into his face. "Do you think that?" she said.

Darrel again studied the sketch. "It is wonderful," he said. "You have told more in these few strong brush strokes than I have in my whole book. Elizabeth," wistfully, "how could you understand so well?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands softly in her lap. "Oh, but you see I've read the book and reread it, so I was prepared to see all that you did. The book was as—as fine and strong as you are, Horace."

The man rose and walked back and forth. "Elizabeth, can you ever forgive me for being such a fool as to belittle your work? Why, do you know, I admire Winston's work so much that I was in the seventh heaven when I found that I could get him to do my illustrating, and your work is far and away better than his." He turned toward the girl abruptly. "Elizabeth, why did you come?"

"Because"—the girl looked up at him bravely—"I wanted to see you again, and"— She paused.

"And?" suggested Darrel.

"And when you asked for Winston I was glad to come. I always sign my work Winston. It is my middle name, you know."

Darrel drew her close to him. "But your 'art?'" he questioned.

"I—I wanted to see if a woman could," she whispered.

"And a woman always shall," he said. "'Winston' shall illustrate all my books."

A Sailor Made Suit.

On the summer day that Captain Collins embarked with his ten-year-old son for a lake trip on a lumber vessel the weather was hot and sultry. The captain had more important matters than his son's wardrobe on his mind, and young Peter, with the shortsightedness of excited youth, left home without his jacket.

For two days the wind blew softly from the south. On the third day it switched suddenly to the north, bringing with it a cutting arctic coldness.

Mrs. Collins, fingering the forgotten jacket, had visions of her thinly clad son turned blue with cold or perhaps already stricken with pneumonia.

Two weeks later the travelers returned, the father beaming, the boy even more radiant in a bulging flannel garment of curious but ample cut.

"You see," explained Captain Collins, "Peter didn't have clothes enough, so we put in at the nearest port to buy him a coat. But there was only one store and not a ready made garment in the place, so I bought three yards of red flannel and made him a suit."

"Where," asked Mrs. Collins, trying not to laugh, "did you get the pattern?"

"Used the boy," said the captain proudly. "Laid the flannel on the deck, spread the boy on his back on top and cut all round him with my jackknife. Then I laid him on his stomach and cut out the front. How else could you make a pattern?"—Youth's Companion.

Aboriginal "Capias."

In the "History of the Town of Middleboro," Mass., there is a footnote quoted from the "New England Memorial," which gives a curious example of Indian courts and the rules of practice in them.

An Indian court in Barnstable county, presided over by an Indian magistrate, issued the following warrant to an Indian constable:

"I Hihoudi,
You Peter Waterman,
Jeremy Wicket;
Quick you take him,
Fast you hold him,
Straight you bring him
Before me,
"Hihoudi."

Before the Bar.

The terms "admitted to the bar" and "before the bar" are of English origin. The "bar" in question is the barrier or railing which separates the judge and the other officers of the court from the rest of the courtroom. In earlier days the parties to a suit presented themselves before this bar, accompanied by their counsel. A lawyer, after keeping the required number of terms at the inns of court and passing a satisfactory examination, was then entitled to appear before the bar on behalf of a client, or, in other words, he was "admitted to the bar." The English word "barrister" suggests the technical meaning of this word.—Scrap Book.

ACADEMIC COSTUMES.

Square Cap or Berretta Hood Survival of the Ancient Cope.

[illegible] costume [illegible] the [illegible] of the period in which it was prescribed. Mediaeval statutes were directed not to the wearing of any particular robe, but against extravagant taste in or deficiencies of dress. At Heidelberg, for instance, students were forbidden to go out without boots "unless clad in a garment reaching to the heels." The most purely academic part of the costume was the square cap or berretta, with a tuft on the top (in lieu of the very modern tassel), which was the distinctive badge of the mastership. Its possession was much coveted, and, according to one authority, "it is only in post mediaeval times that the berretta, first without, then with, the sacred 'apex' has been usurped, first by bachelors, then by undergraduates and now outside the universities by mere choristers or school boys." The gown, or toga, on the other hand, [illegible] official [illegible] "green, blue or blood color."

"The hood is a survival of the [illegible] cappa, or [illegible] in the official [illegible] Cambridge. It formed part of the [illegible] ment, like [illegible] and was not [illegible] being the [illegible] not even [illegible] only the material of the [illegible] was characteristic of degree or office," the use of miniver, for instance, being confined to masters. "The hoods [illegible] in perhaps toward the end of the fourteenth century as a smarter alternative for masters, whose winter fur hoods were something more than an honorary appendage in the unwarmed schools and churches of mediaeval times." At Oxford undergraduates lost their hoods in 1480, but it was not till "about the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign" that the masters and stewards of incorporated societies, who also wore them, "cast them off their heads and hung them on their shoulders."—Dundee Advertiser.

TAILORS IN A RIOT.

Refused to Permit a Performance That Satirized Their Craft.

In 1780 Foote had produced a burlesque, the author of which has never been discovered, entitled "The Tailors; a Tragedy For Warm Weather." Dowton announced the revival of this piece for his benefit. As the title implies, it was a satire upon the sartorial craft, and upon the bills being issued an indignation meeting was convened by the knights of the needle, who vowed to oppose the performance by might and main.

Menacing letters were sent to Dowton telling him that 17,000 tailors would attend to his piece, and one, who signed himself "Death," added that 10,000 men could be found if necessary. These threats were laughed at by the actors, but when night came it was discovered that the craft were in earnest and that with few exceptions they had contrived to secure every seat in the house, while a mob without still squeezed for admission. The moment Dowton appeared upon the stage there was a hideous uproar and some one threw a pair of shears at him.

Not a word would the rioters listen to, nor would they accept any compromise in the way of changing the piece. Within howled and hissed without intermission hundreds of exasperated tailors; outside howled and bellowed thousands of raging tailors, who attempted to storm the house. So formidable did the riot wax that a magistrate had to be sent for and special constables called out, but these were helpless against overwhelming odds, so a troop of life guards was ultimately summoned, who, after making sixteen prisoners, put the rest to flight.—American Tailor and Cutter.

His Sense of Touch.

"A country grocer," said a lecturer, "was talking to a throng of customers about the wonderful sense of touch that the blind have. 'Here comes old blind Henry [illegible] now,' said the grocer. 'We'll test him.' [illegible] a scoopful of sugar [illegible] the old man. '[illegible]' he said, 'and tell me what it is.'

"The blind man put his hand in the scoop, passed its contents through his fingers and said in a firm, confident tone, 'Sand.'"

Dainty Deer.

How sensitive deer are in the matter of food was proved once again during the hearing of a case at Feltham, England, where three men were charged with sleeping in a deer pen in Bushey park. A keeper said they had pulled down from the racks about ten shillings' worth of hay, which the deer would not afterward touch because it had been lain upon. In fact, the deer would not go near the pens, as the men had slept there.

Looking Forward.

"Do you think the time will ever come when every one will fly?"

"It may. But if it does I hope I'll not have to live near the people who are our next door neighbors now. I know they would be running in every day or two to borrow our wings."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Confirmed Pessimist.

Miss Cheerie—Well, auntie, you're looking much improved today. Are you feeling better? Mrs. Krank—No, I ain't no better. Mebbe I'm not so bad as I was, but I ain't a bit better.—Cleveland Leader.

Cleverness is servicable for everything, sufficient for nothing. Amiel.

One's Point of View.

"I liked that play we saw last night because it has a happy ending."

"Why, man, the husband in it terrorises his wife into trembling and silent submission and ends by killing his mother-in-law!"

"I said it had a happy ending."—Baltimore American.

Coughs and colds contr actedthis season of the year should have immediate attention. Bees laxative cough syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequaled for [illegible], croup and coughs [illegible] mothers endorse it [illegible] like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport Pa. C. A. Anderson Colegrove Pa.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. [illegible] building, Bradford, Pa.

Don't break your back [illegible] the wash [illegible] when W. F. [illegible] rough dry [illegible] per pound.

[illegible] of [illegible] over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Administrator's Sale.

[illegible] County of McKean and State of [illegible] of the Orphans Court [illegible] County, the undersigned administrator [illegible] will expose at public [illegible] McKean County, Pa. [illegible] described, on [illegible] 1907, commencing at [illegible] the following pieces, parcels and [illegible] lying and being in the [illegible] of McKean and [illegible] bounded and described [illegible]:

[illegible] at the northeast corner of [illegible] conveyed to Robert King, being north [illegible] from the northwest corner of square No. 88, and being a part of said square; thence along the south line of [illegible] north 69 degrees east 43 feet and [illegible] inches to the northwest corner of a lot conveyed to H. C. Wells; thence south 115 feet and [illegible] inches to the southwest corner thereof, at the north line of the alley; thence along said north line south 69 degrees west 43 feet and 8 inches to the southeast corner of the said Robert King lot; thence north 115 feet and 4 inches to the place of beginning. Containing 4858 square feet of land, be the same more or less, and being a part of square No. 88 as laid out in the plot of said borough. Being the same premises conveyed to the said Laura M. Taylor by Elizabeth Taylor by two deeds, one dated November 1st, 1898, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 103, page 229, McKean County records; the other dated April 6th, 1899, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 107, page 847, McKean County records.

The above tract of land being improved and having thereon an old frame dwelling house.

Second. Beginning at a point in the north line of Water street, being north 69 degrees east 155 feet from the southwest corner of square No. 89; thence north 115½ feet to the south line of the alley, thence along the said south line, north 69 degrees east 60¼ feet; thence south 115½ feet to the north line of Water street; thence south 69 degrees west 50¼ feet to the place of beginning. Containing [illegible] and being part of square No. 89, and being [illegible] Laura M. Taylor by Elizabeth Taylor by deed [illegible] July [illegible] in Deed Book [illegible] No. 107, page [illegible] McKean County records.

The above tract of land improved and having thereon an old board barn.

Third. The equitable interest and title subject to the payment of about $500 to D. C. Young, the owner of the legal title, in and to all that certain piece or tract of land, beginning at the southeast corner of land contracted by D. C. Young to B. T. Downey and on the north side of North street; thence north along said Downey's east line 8 rods to a corner; thence east parallel with North street 4 rods to a corner; thence south 8 rods to north line of North street aforesaid; thence west along north line of North street 4 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 32 square rods of land, more or less. Being same interest conveyed, inter alia, to the said Laura M. Taylor by Sheridan Gorton, Jr., by deed dated December 25th, 1891, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 117, page 330, McKean County records.

The above tract being improved.

Terms of sale, one-third of the purchase money or price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money at confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 84, December Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Willie Burger, did, on the 5th day of November 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Mertie Burger.

We therefore command you, the said Mertie Berger, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Willie Burger and show cause, if any you have, why the said Willie Burger, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 6, 1907.
E. L. Keenan, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 17, December Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

[illegible] A. Brown did, on the [illegible] prefer her petition to our said [illegible] Court of Common Pleas of [illegible] praying for the causes therein set forth [illegible] divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ida [illegible] Brown.

We therefore command you, the said Ida M. Brown, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of [illegible] Brown and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ida M. Brown your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 6, 1907.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Merritt Childs, late of Hamlin township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been duly issued to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make settlement thereof without delay, and all persons having claim against said estate are requested to present the same to

E. D. MARTIN,
Marvindale, Pa.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that James P. Ryan of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, a member of the McKean County Bar, will, on or before the 18th day of June, 1907, file his credentials with, and make application to, the State Board of Law Examiners to be examined by said Board on the 9th and 10th days of July, 1907, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Stanton Could Swear.

One day President Lincoln saw Senator Fessenden coming toward his office room. Mr. Fessenden had received the promise of some appointment in Maine for one of his constituents. The case had been overlooked. As soon as Mr. Lincoln caught sight of the senator he saw Fessenden was angry and called out, "Say, Fessenden, aren't you an Episcopalian?" Mr. Fessenden, somewhat taken aback, answered, "Yes, I belong to that persuasion, Mr. President." Mr. Lincoln then said: "I thought so. You swear so much like Seward. Seward is an Episcopalian. But you ought to hear Stanton swear. He can beat you both. He is a Presbyterian."

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
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Repairing a Specialty.

Second-Hand Furniture

Have just received a carload of second hand furniture and as I am crowded must close it all out at a great sacrifice, so if you are interested COME before it is too late. It is

A RARE BARGAIN.

I will pay the highest prices for old

Rags, Rubbers,
Iron, Metals,
Rope, Bones,
Hides, Fur, Wool,
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Dr. Sheffield's Anti Septic Creme Dentifrice
THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 187 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

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Calls answered promptly day or night.
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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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